



No. 79

BOY COMMANDOS



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

SEPT.

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**BATMAN AND ROBIN**

UNRAVEL THE  
TANGLED THREADS  
OF THREE LIVES  
IN

*"DESTINY'S AUCTION!"*



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of the*

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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered all publishers to use 10% less paper than in 1942, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice in 1943.

**GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING**

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,  
Director of Children's Reading,  
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

**AUGUSTUS HELPS THE ARMY**

By Le Grand

Here's Augustus again! He certainly has a way of cropping up in all sorts of places. Do you remember how he went to Maine and found himself suddenly mixed up with spies and enemy submarines?

Well, in this new book, Augustus, with Glorianna and Jupiter and Ma and Pop, go South on a bus. The trip turns out to be quite an adventure in itself. Arriving in Georgia, the family sets up housekeeping in an abandoned circus tent. While Pop finds himself a job helping to build the army camp, Augustus meets up with friends of his own age and together they go in search of action. Naturally they find it, plenty of it!

The two boys manage to worm their way into the thick of an army practice battle, which suddenly gets bogged down. The tanks' gasoline supply has been sabotaged. It's just like Augustus to stumble upon the enemy agents in the very act of tampering with the gasoline lines. And who but Augustus would think of using a hornet's nest to break up their plans?

If you haven't read any of the other Augustus books, be sure to read this one, and then you'll want to read the others too: AUGUSTUS AND THE RIVER, AUGUSTUS GOES SOUTH, AUGUSTUS AND THE MOUNTAINS, AUGUSTUS HELPS THE NAVY. You'll find them at your library.

(Code Krypton No. 9)

VNW JAN MHRWP OXA CQN OXDA OANNMXVB.  
CQN UNJBC FN LJW MX RB KDH FJA KXWMB  
JWM BCJVYB!

SUPERMAN,  
c/o ACTION COMICS,  
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

SEPT

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



# BATMAN

THE HAND OF FATE WHIPS BACK THE CURTAIN--AND THREE TROUBLED PEOPLE ARE CAUGHT IN THE TANGLED PLOT OF A TRAGICOMEDY OF ERRORS! THE GIRL WHO HAS FAITH IN THE FUTURE ... THE OLD MAN WHO LIVES IN THE PAST ... THE FURTIVE ONE WHO FEARS YESTERDAY AND MISTRUSTS TOMORROW -- WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEIR MOST JEALOUSLY GUARDED SECRETS ARE SHUFFLED INTO THE WRONG HANDS? PLENTY! ... AND IT TAKES ALL THE MASTER STAGECRAFT OF THAT DARING DIRECTOR OF SMASH HITS --- THE **BATMAN** --- TO SHAPE THE FINAL SENSATIONAL SCENE OF --

**"DSTINY'S AUCTION!"**

TH  
**BIN**  
WONDER-





CLIENTS OF MADAME CALABRA, THE GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER, ARE FIRM IN THEIR BELIEF THAT SHE POSSESSES THE TRUE GIFT OF "SECOND SIGHT"

YOUR FUTURE IS PLAIN! YOUR NAME--JUDY O'CASSON--SHALL BE WRITTEN LARGE FOR ALL TO READ! YOU SHALL MOVE FROM HUMBLE LODGINGS TO A GREAT PALACE!

WHY, THEN--MY DREAMS ARE COMING TRUE AT LAST!

AN EAGER GIRL RETURNS WITH RE-NEWED HOPE AND CONFIDENCE TO ONE OF GOTHAM CITY'S SHABBIEST ROOMING HOUSES...

I REALLY COULDN'T AFFORD TO GIVE HER THAT MONEY--BUT I JUST HAD TO KNOW WHETHER I WAS GOING TO BE SUCCESSFUL!

BUT--THINGS PROPHESED MAY COME TO PASS IN UNEXPECTED WAYS!

WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE FOR ME--FROM THE LANDLADY!

MY NAME... "LARGE ENOUGH FOR ALL TO READ"... AND I'LL BE MOVING, ALL RIGHT--BUT NOT TO ANY PALACE!

MRS. MIDGE, YOU'VE LOCKED MY TRUNK IN MY ROOM, AND IN IT IS SOMETHING I SIMPLY MUST HAVE! WON'T YOU PLEASE LET ME GET IT?

OF COURSE--AS SOON AS YOU GIVE ME FOURTEEN DOLLARS!

JUDY O'CASSON:  
There's a new lock on the door of your room. You get the key when you pay me the \$14.00 you owe for rent-- Mrs. Midge

BUT I HAVE PRACTICALLY NO MONEY! IF YOU'D WAIT A DAY OR TWO LONGER...

WAIT? HA! D'YE THINK I'M IN BUSINESS FOR CHARITY? OUT WITH YE--AN' IF EVER YE COME BACK WITH THE CASH, YE'LL FIND THE TRUNK WAITIN'!

SO IT IS THAT A LONELY, DISHEARTENED GIRL SITS ALL NIGHT IN A RAILROAD STATION--AN EDIFICE WHICH MIGHT VERY WELL BE DESCRIBED AS A "GREAT PALACE"!

I-I FAILED! (SOB) I'VE LOST THE ONLY THING THAT CAN HELP ME! NOTHING TO DO BUT GO BACK HOME!



AH, YES--MADAME CALAGRA'S CLIENTS WILL TELL YOU--  
HER PREDICTIONS ARE ALWAYS TO BE DEPENDED UPON!

TREMAINE  
WENTWORTH, I SEE  
YOU CAST IN A NEW ROLE  
IN WHICH YOUR PART WILL  
BE SO OVERSHADOWED THAT  
YOU WILL NOT EVEN  
THINK OF IT!

I KNEW IT!  
I AM DESTINED FOR  
NEW AND GREATER TRI-  
UMPHS IN THE THEATER!  
THE CRITICS WHO SAID I  
WAS TOO OLD TO MAKE  
A COMEBACK WILL  
HAVE TO CHANGE  
THEIR TUNE!



I MUST  
PREPARE MYSELF!  
HOW FORTUNATE THAT I  
HAVE KEPT MY TRUNK  
AND ITS CONTENTS THROUGH  
THESE LEAN YEARS!  
WITHOUT THOSE REMAIN-  
DERS OF A GLAMOROUS  
PAST, I SHOULD LOSE  
ALL CONFIDENCE!



A HORN BLEATS WILDLY...  
BRAKES SCREAM... A  
TERRIFIED CRY IS CUT  
SHORT...



AND SURE ENOUGH, TREMAINE  
WENTWORTH IS "CAST IN A NEW  
ROLE"...

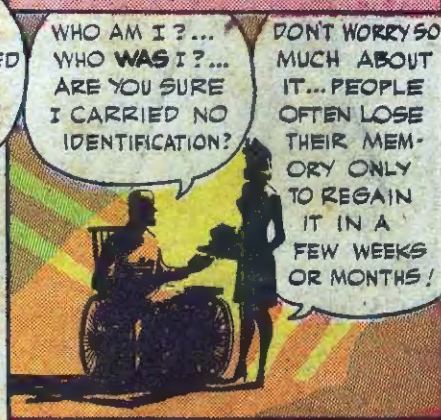


WHAT  
IS YOUR  
NAME?

NAME?...  
MY NAME?...  
WHY--WHY--  
I CAN'T RE-  
MEMBER!

HMM...  
THE SHOCK  
HAS AFFECTED  
YOUR  
MEMORY!

... A ROLE IN WHICH HIS PAST IS  
OVERSHADOWED COMPLETELY, SO  
THAT HE DOES NOT THINK OF IT,  
HOWEVER MUCH HE TRIES!



WHO AM I?...  
WHO WAS I?...  
ARE YOU SURE  
I CARRIED NO  
IDENTIFICATION?

DON'T WORRY SO  
MUCH ABOUT  
IT... PEOPLE  
OFTEN LOSE  
THEIR MEM-  
ORY ONLY  
TO REGAIN  
IT IN A  
FEW WEEKS  
OR MONTHS!

MEANWHILE, YET ANOTHER ANXIOUS PERSON  
HAS SOUGHT THE GYPSY'S ADVICE...



THE CARDS NEVER  
LIE! YOU ARE KNOWN  
AS DIAMOND PETE  
RANSOME, AND  
PRECIOUS STONES  
ARE YOUR  
WEAKNESS!

WEAKNESS! THAT'S  
A GOOD ONE!...BUT  
TELL ME SOME-  
THING I DON'T  
ALREADY KNOW!

STRONG  
AND DANGEROUS  
FIGHTERS SHALL  
FOLLOW YOU! THEY  
SHALL HELP YOU ENTER  
A HEAVILY - GUARDED  
PLACE ... YOU SHALL  
BE WELL- REWARDED  
FOR YOUR  
LABORS!

NOW YOU'RE  
TALKING, OLD GIRL!  
HERE'S A C-NOTE  
FOR TAKING A  
LOAD OFF MY  
MIND!





LIKE MOST PEOPLE WHO LISTEN TO ORACLES, **DIAMOND PETE RANSOME** INTERPRETS THE FORTUNE-TELLERS WORDS TO SUIT HIS OWN WISHES...

EVERYTHING'S OKAY, BOYS! I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT THAT, WITH YOU BACKING ME UP, WE CAN CRASH THE STEEL DOORS OF THAT JEWELRY SHOP AND MAKE A RICH HAUL!

THE WAY THE CARDS ARE RUNNIN' AGAINST ME, I'LL NEED MY SHARE!

WE ALL NEED IT, SINCE PETE WON'T LET US TOUCH THE SWAG FROM OUR LAST JOB TILL THE COPS SORTA FORGET ABOUT THE WATCH-MAN BEING BUMPED OFF!

NIGHT-- AND THE HISSING FLAME OF AN ACETYLENE TORCH CASTS AN UNEARTHLY BLUE GLOW IN AN ALLEY...

AFTER WE BURN DOWN THIS DOOR...WE'LL BLOW UP THE SAFE INSIDE!

WE OUGHTTA GET A MILLION OUTA THIS JOINT!

SUDDENLY, TWO OTHER "STRONG AND DANGEROUS FIGHTERS", WHO HAVE FOLLOWED DIAMOND PETE, SWOOP DOWN OUT OF THE DARKNESS!

I THOUGHT WE'D HAVE SOME FUN IF WE TAGGED YOU, DIAMOND PETE!

WHA--? THE GYPSY DIDN'T MENTION THEM-- OR DID SHE?

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

A LEFT TO THE JAW FOR LEFTY!

JOE IS GETTING A BIG KICK OUT OF THIS!

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE THE PARTY LOUDER AND FUNNIER!

JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, PETE, AND YOU'LL SEE DIAMONDS!

AT THE POLICE STATION...

SO YOU WON'T TELL US YOUR ADDRESS, PETE?

I'M NOT SAYING A WORD!

PETE WAS SUSPECTED OF THAT FATAL JEWEL ROBBERY... IF THERE WAS EVIDENCE AT HIS HIDEOUT, NATURALLY HE WOULDN'T TELL!

SCORE 100 FOR MME. CALAGRAFOR IN DUE TIME PETE ENTERS A "HEAVILY-GUARDED PLACE" WELL REWARDED FOR HIS ILLEGAL LABORS!

A YEAR TO SERVE-- IF THE COPS FIND MY TRUNK, I'LL NEVER COME OUT!



**SO** FATE BEGINS THE WEAVING OF A WEIRD DESIGN IN THREADS OF THREE CONTRASTING COLORS -- THREE LIVES, AS DIFFERENT AS SPRING IS FROM AUTUMN, AND AUTUMN FROM MIDWINTER! AND YET, YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED THAT THESE THREE HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON, BESIDES THEIR CURIOSITY ABOUT THE FUTURE... EACH OWNS A TRUNK AND PRIZES ITS CONTENTS.. AND EACH, FOR THE TIME BEING, HAS LOST IT!

A YEAR PASSES-- AND ONE OF THE SLENDER THREADS REACHES INTO THE HOME OF **BRUCE WAYNE** AND HIS YOUNG WARD, **DICK GRAYSON**..

HUH?...TIME TO GET UP?... BUT IT'S NOT DAY-LIGHT YET!

THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM!



THE EARLY BIRD COULD BE **ROBIN**-- BUT WHO'S THE WORM?

A FRIEND NAMED **DIAMOND PETE** RANSOME LEAVES PRISON THIS MORNING! RE-MEMBER HIM?



PRESENTLY...

HERE'S STATE PRISON, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY WE'RE GOING TO TRAIL PETE! WE DIDN'T BOTHER WHEN HE TURNED HIS PALS LOOSE, THREE MONTHS AGO!

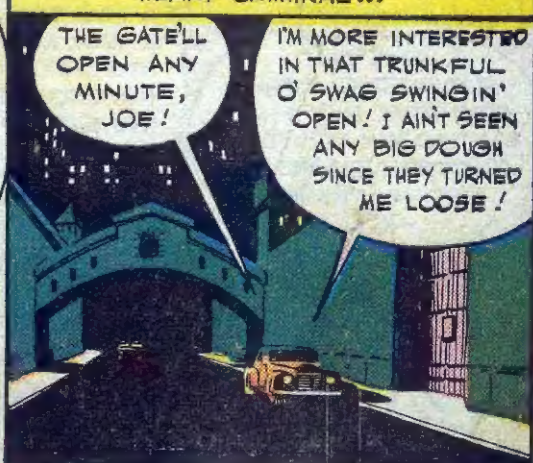
THEY'RE SMALL FRY-- BUT PETE HAS ENGINEERED A GOOD MANY CRIMES BESIDES ATTEMPTED ROBBERY FOR WHICH HE WAS SENTENCED... WE'RE GOING TO TRY TO FIND OUT ABOUT THEM!



NOR ARE **BRUCE** AND **DICK** THE ONLY ONES ON HAND TO GREET THE PRISON-WEARY CRIMINAL...

THE GATE'LL OPEN ANY MINUTE, JOE!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THAT TRUNKFUL O' SWAG SWINGIN' OPEN! I AIN'T SEEN ANY BIG DOUGH SINCE THEY TURNED ME LOOSE!



A BOLT SNICKS BACK... A METAL-STUDDED GATE OPENS ON MASSIVE HINGES... AND **DIAMOND PETE** IS A FREE MAN AGAIN!

SO YOU DID REMEMBER ME!

WHY NOT? AIN'T YOU OUR PAL?

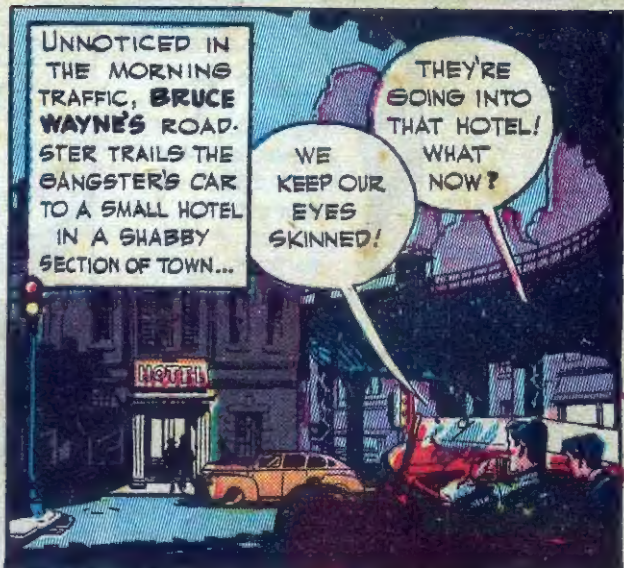
AN' BESIDES, THERE'S THAT MESS O' DIAMONDS YOU GOT STOWED AWAY-- ENOUGH TO KEEP US ON EASY STREET FOR A LONG TIME!



UNNOTICED IN THE MORNING TRAFFIC, **BRUCE WAYNE'S** ROAD-STER TRAILS THE GANGSTER'S CAR TO A SMALL HOTEL IN A SHABBY SECTION OF TOWN...

WE KEEP OUR EYES SKINNED!

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT HOTEL! WHAT NOW?





WITHIN  
THE HOTEL...

I REGIS-  
TERED HERE A  
YEAR AGO AS  
PAUL RANDALL,  
AND WAS--ER--  
CALLED AWAY  
SUDDENLY ON  
BUSINESS! I LEFT  
A WARDROBE TRUNK  
BEHIND--AND NOW  
I WANT IT BACK!

A TRUNK?...  
OH, YES-- WE  
TURNED IT OVER  
TO THE SHERIFF  
LAST WEEK!

DID  
YOU SAY  
THE  
SHERIFF?

FOR  
SALE AT AUCTION,  
YOU KNOW... WE  
HAVE TO KEEP UN-  
CLAIMED LUGGAGE  
SO LONG, THEN THE  
SHERIFF HOLDS A PUBLIC  
AUCTION AND  
SELLS IT-- UN-  
OPENED!

UN-  
OPENED?  
THAT'S DIF-  
FERENT! WHEN  
WAS THE  
AUCTION?

IT'S  
GOING TO BE  
THIS AFTERNOON!  
MAYBE YOU  
CAN BUY YOUR  
TRUNK BACK?

WHAT  
A BREAK FOR  
US-- JUST  
WHEN WE  
NEED IT  
MOST!

AND AT THAT  
VERY MOMENT...

I'VE JUST  
RETURNED TO GOTHAM  
CITY, MRS. MIDGE... I  
WANT TO PAY YOU THAT  
FOURTEEN DOLLARS AND  
GET MY TRUNK!

WELL!  
A FINE TIME  
YE TOOK ABOUT  
IT! YE'LL  
HAVE TO SEE  
THE SHERIFF  
ABOUT THE  
TRUNK!

YES, FATE IS TWISTING THE THREADS TOGETHER  
AGAIN... FOR THIS, ALSO, HAS HAPPENED, ONLY  
A DAY AGO, IN GOTHAM CITY HOSPITAL...

HE'S  
COMING OUT  
OF THE INSULIN  
SHOCK TREAT-  
MENT, DOCTOR!...  
HOW DO YOU  
FEEL, MR. DOE?

EH?... WHAT DID  
YOU CALL ME?...  
I'LL HAVE YOU  
KNOW THAT I AM  
TREMACHINE WENT-  
WORTH, THE GREATEST  
CHARACTER ACTOR  
WHO EVER  
LIVED!

HE HAS  
REGAINED  
HIS MEM-  
ORY! HE'S  
CURED!

BUT WHEN  
WENTWORTH  
HASTENS BACK  
TO THE SITE OF  
THE OLD  
THEATRICAL  
ROOMING  
HOUSE WHERE  
HE HAD  
MADE HIS  
HOME...

THEY'RE  
TEARING IT  
DOWN! BUT--  
THEY CAN'T! MY  
TRUNK WITH MY  
WARDROBE AND  
PROPERTIES.. MY  
PRECIOUS MEM-  
ENTOES AND  
PRESS CLIPPINGS!  
I MUST TRACE  
IT!

THAT AFTERNOON, IN A DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE...

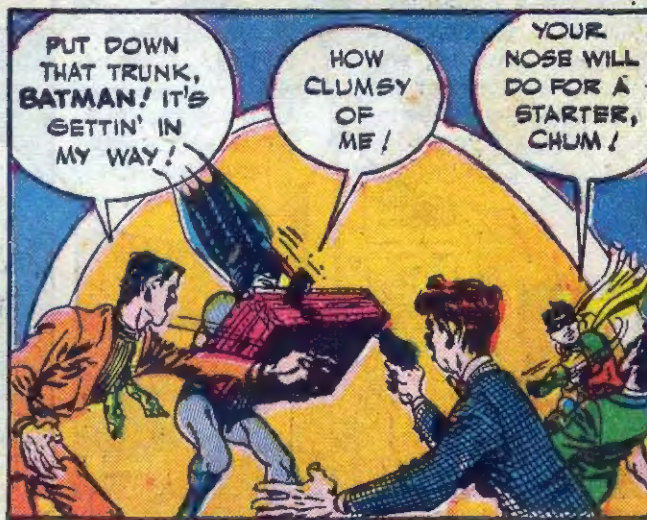
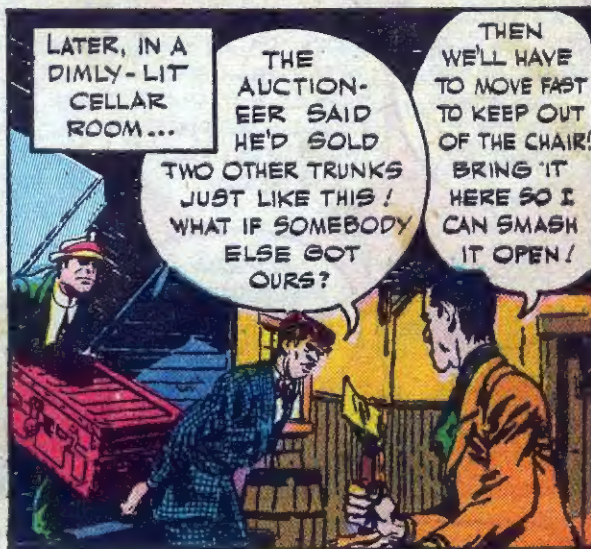
I'LL OPEN THE SALE BY  
ASKING FOR BIDS ON THIS LARGE,  
STURDY WARDROBE TRUNK  
AND ITS UNKNOWN CON-  
TENTS! WHAT AM  
I OFFERED?

FIVE  
DOLLARS!

SEVEN-  
FIFTY!

IT  
LOOKS LIKE  
MINE!  
I'LL BID  
TWENTY  
DOLLARS!









IT'S  
OPENING!  
THE  
DIAMONDS  
WILL SPILL!

I'LL  
PUT IT DOWN  
OVER  
HERE!



BUT WHEN THE  
CONTENTS OF  
THE TRUNK  
ARE EXAMINED...

DIAMONDS, DID  
YOU SAY, PETE? THESE LOOK  
LIKE STAGE COSTUMES... WIGS...  
MAKEUP MATERIALS ... AND  
JUDGING FROM THESE CLIP-  
PINGS, THEY BELONG TO AN  
ACTOR NAMED TREMAINE  
WENTWORTH!

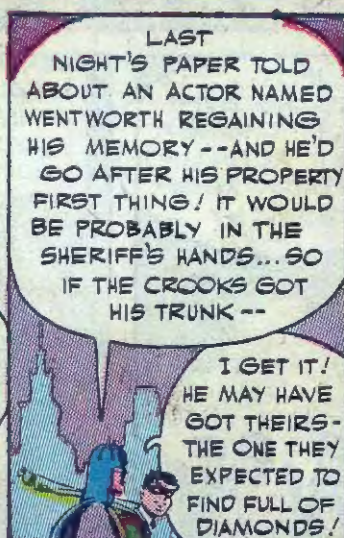
WHAT!



AREN'T  
WE GOING  
TO TURN THEM  
OVER TO THE  
POLICE FOR  
TRYING TO  
SHOOT US?

NO...  
WE CAME HERE  
WITHOUT AN IN-  
VITATION ... AND  
THEY BOUGHT THE  
TRUNK HONESTLY!  
WE SIMPLY MADE  
A MISTAKE!

SOMEDAY,  
BATMAN, YOU'RE  
GOING TO MAKE  
ONE MISTAKE  
TOO MANY!



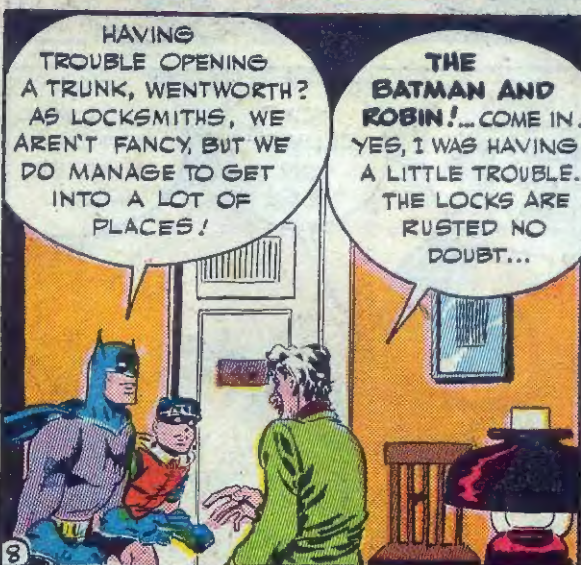
LAST  
NIGHT'S PAPER TOLD  
ABOUT AN ACTOR NAMED  
WENTWORTH REGAINING  
HIS MEMORY --AND HE'D  
GO AFTER HIS PROPERTY  
FIRST THING! IT WOULD  
BE PROBABLY IN THE  
SHERIFF'S HANDS... SO  
IF THE CROOKS GOT  
HIS TRUNK --

I GET IT!  
HE MAY HAVE  
GOT THEIRS-  
THE ONE THEY  
EXPECTED TO  
FIND FULL OF  
DIAMONDS!



IN A HALL BEDROOM IN THE  
THEATER DISTRICT...

STRANGE-  
MY KEY DOESN'T FIT!  
... HUH?... SOME-  
ONE'S AT THE  
DOOR...



HAVING  
TROUBLE OPENING  
A TRUNK, WENTWORTH?  
AS LOCKSMITHS, WE  
AREN'T FANCY, BUT WE  
DO MANAGE TO GET  
INTO A LOT OF  
PLACES!

THE  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN!... COME IN!  
YES, I WAS HAVING  
A LITTLE TROUBLE...  
THE LOCKS ARE  
RUSTED NO  
DOUBT...



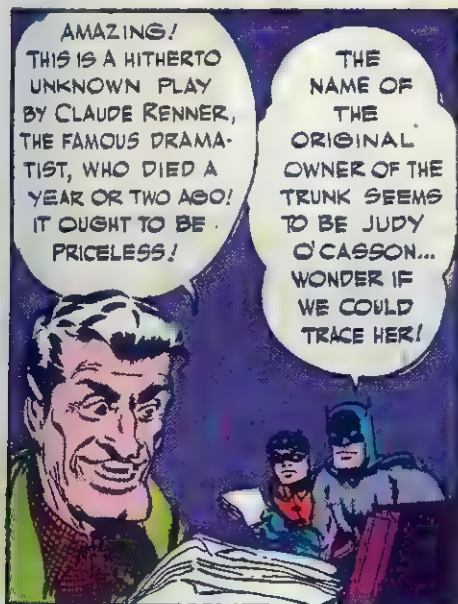
STEEL-STRONG MUSCLES STRAIN AGAINST METAL  
HASPS, UNTIL...

WELL,  
A LADY'S  
TRAVELLING  
BOUDOIR!

DRESSES! A GIRL'S  
THINGS! IT ISN'T MY  
TRUNK, AFTER ALL!...  
BUT THIS LOOKS  
LIKE THE TYPESCRIPT  
OF A PLAY...

NOT  
RUSTED, MR.  
WENTWORTH--  
BUSTED!





AMAZING!  
THIS IS A HITHERTO  
UNKNOWN PLAY  
BY CLAUDE RENNER,  
THE FAMOUS DRAMA-  
TIST, WHO DIED A  
YEAR OR TWO AGO!  
IT OUGHT TO BE  
PRICELESS!

THE  
NAME OF  
THE  
ORIGINAL  
OWNER OF THE  
TRUNK SEEMS  
TO BE JUDY  
O'CASSON...  
WONDER IF  
WE COULD  
TRACE HER!



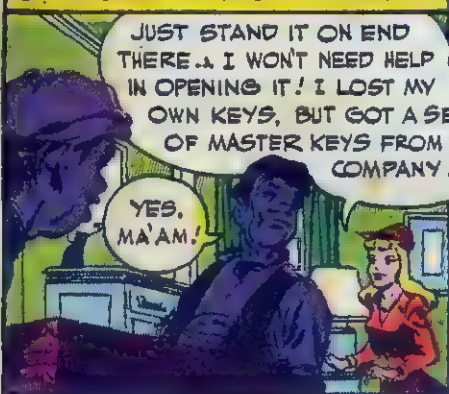
OUTSIDE WENTWORTH'S DOOR, THREE RATHER THEATRICAL-  
LOOKING INDIVIDUALS LISTEN INTENTLY...

WE'RE SMART,  
USIN' THAT ACTOR'S  
STUFF! WE CAN TRAIL  
THE **BATMAN** WITHOUT  
HIM KNOWIN' US IN  
THESE DISGUISES!

SHUT  
UP,  
LEFTY!  
LISTEN!

JUDY  
O'CASSON WAS  
THE NAME OF THE  
GIRL WHO BOUGHT A  
TRUNK JUST AHEAD  
OF ME! I OVERHEARD  
HER TELLING THE  
AUCTIONEER TO SEND  
IT TO THE ADAMS  
HOTEL!

IN HER ROOM AT THE ALAMO, JUDY  
O'CASSON IS BETTER PREPARED IN  
ONE WAY THAN THE PURCHASERS  
OF THE OTHER WARDROBE TRUNKS...



JUST STAND IT ON END  
THERE.. I WON'T NEED HELP  
IN OPENING IT! I LOST MY  
OWN KEYS, BUT GOT A SET  
OF MASTER KEYS FROM THE  
COMPANY!

YES,  
MA'AM!

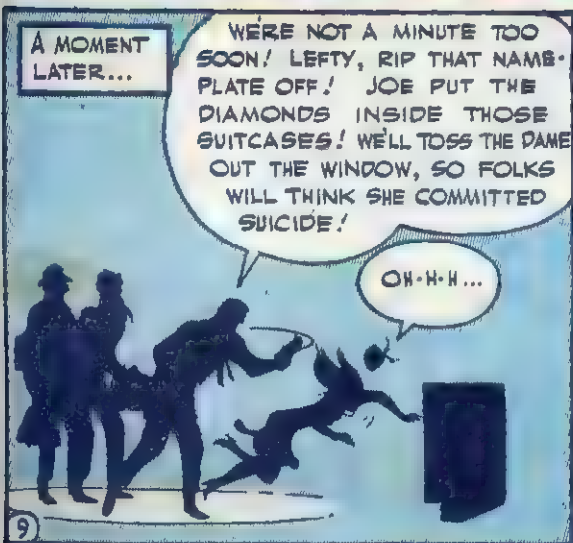


THERE!  
IF ONLY THE  
SCRIPT OF  
CLAUDE'S PLAY  
IS STILL--  
**WHA--  
DIAMONDS!**



SO BEWILDERED IS THE GIRL, SHE  
DOES NOT HEAR SOFT FOOTSTEPS  
CROSS THE ROOM...

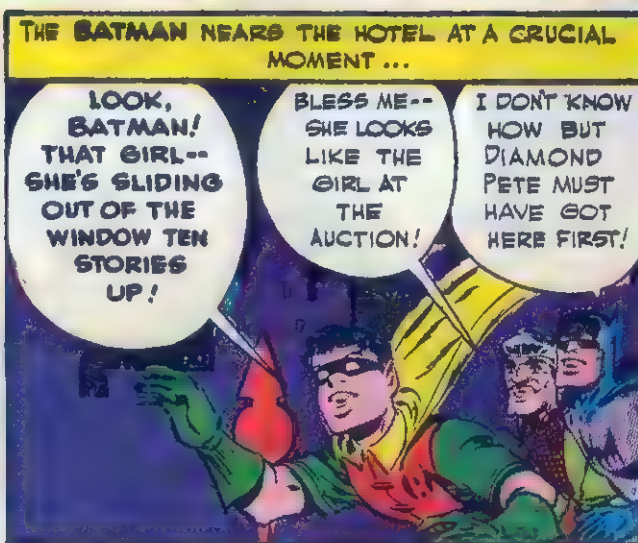
THEY MUST BE WORTH THOUSANDS.  
MILLIONS!.. THERE'S THE NAME OF  
THE MAN WHO MUST HAVE OWNED  
THEM ON THAT PLATE ...  
"PETER RANSOME!"



A MOMENT  
LATER...

WE'RE NOT A MINUTE TOO  
SOON! LEFTY, RIP THAT NAME-  
PLATE OFF! JOE PUT THE  
DIAMONDS INSIDE THOSE  
SUITCASES! WE'LL TOSS THE DAME  
OUT THE WINDOW, SO FOLKS  
WILL THINK SHE COMMITTED  
SUICIDE!

OH-H-H...



THE **BATMAN** NEARS THE HOTEL AT A CRUCIAL  
MOMENT ...

LOOK,  
**BATMAN!**  
THAT GIRL--  
SHE'S SLIDING  
OUT OF THE  
WINDOW TEN  
STORIES  
UP!

BLESS ME--  
SHE LOOKS  
LIKE THE  
GIRL AT  
THE  
AUCTION!

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW BUT  
DIAMOND  
PETE MUST  
HAVE GOT  
HERE FIRST!



POISED ATOP THE LAMPPOST, THE ACE CRIME-SMASHER SENDS A STEEL-STRONG SILKEN NOOSE HISSING THROUGH THE AIR...



A BREATHLESS SWING THROUGH SPACE -- AND THE BATMAN'S MIGHTY ARM SNATCHES THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL FROM DEATH AS WATCHERS CHEER!

MADE IT-- BUT I'D HATE TO HAVE TO TRY IT OVER!



LATER, IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

WHAT HAPPENED? I OPENED MY TRUNK... AND IT WAS FULL OF DIAMONDS! THEN I HEARD SOMEONE BEHIND ME--

I THINK I KNOW WHO WAS BEHIND YOU! HE TRIED TO KILL YOU BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID THOSE DIAMONDS WOULD SEND HIM TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



BUT I'LL MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO SEE THAT DIAMOND PETE RANSOME GOES TO THE CHAIR ANYWAY!

RANSOME! THAT WAS THE NAME IN THE TRUNK!

A SUDDEN LIGHT OF RECOGNITION COMES INTO TREMAINE WENTWORTH'S EYES...

MY OLD MAKEUP WHISKERS! THE BEARD I WORE IN "THE PROPHET" AND "THE GRAND DUKE" AND THE MUSTASHES I HAD IN MY ROLE AS "CRANDALL THE CRUEL"!

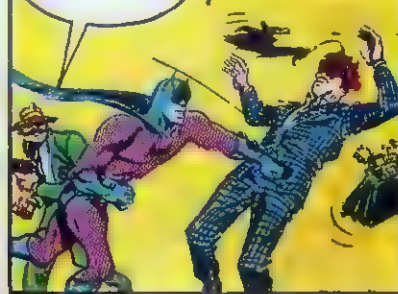
WHAT A TIME THOSE FELLOWS WOULD HAVE AT A BARBER'S CONVENTION!

WHAT'S THIS?...ARE THREE OLD SPARRING PARTNERS TRYING TO PLAY A JOKE ON ME?



THE TROUBLE WITH JOKES IS, SOMETIMES THEY BACKFIRE!

THIS GUN WON'T BACKFIRE, BATMAN!









AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE...

YOU'VE DONE IT, BRUCE! YOU'RE A SUCCESSFUL PRODUCER!

DON'T YOU THINK THE AUTHOR AND THE STAR DESERVE SOME CREDIT?

BRAYO!

SUPERB!

MURRAH!

WEARY, BUT EXULTANT JUDY O' CASSON RETURNS TO HER NEW PENTHOUSE...

CLAUDE RENNER WAS RIGHT, MISS O' CASSON! YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACTRESSES!

I'M SO HAPPY! WHY I HAVE EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DREAMED OF-- INCLUDING A GREAT PALACE-- JUST AS MADAME CALAGRA SAID I WOULD!

AND WHAT OF TREMAINE WENTWORTH?...

THE GOLDEN HIND

Theater Notes by Bernard N. African

TREMAINE WENTWORTH MAKES GREAT COMEBACK IN "TIMES OF CHANCE!"



I'VE LIVED TOO MUCH IN THE PAST... I'LL GET RID OF THESE DUSTY RELICS AND LIVE FOR THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE! AS MADAME CALAGRA SAID, I SHALL NOT EVEN THINK OF BYGONE DAYS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WHY SHE'S THE FORTUNE-TELLER WENTWORTH AND MISS O' CASSON SPOKE ABOUT-- AND DIAMOND PETE! LET'S GO IN!

WHY NOT?

MADAME CALAGRA Seers



AND, AS WE HAVE SAID BEFORE, MADAME CALAGRA HAS A REPUTATION FOR HONESTY AND INTEGRITY...

I CAN TELL YOU NOTHING, FOR THE CRYSTAL SHOWS ONLY A SWIRLING MIST AND A BONY FINGER LIFTED IN WARNING... AND HOW CAN I PREDICT THE FATE OF TWO WHO ARE THE CHOSEN INSTRUMENTS OF FATE HERSELF?

ER-- WE'LL BE GETTING ALONG THEN...

UH-- YES, I GUESS WE'D BETTER!



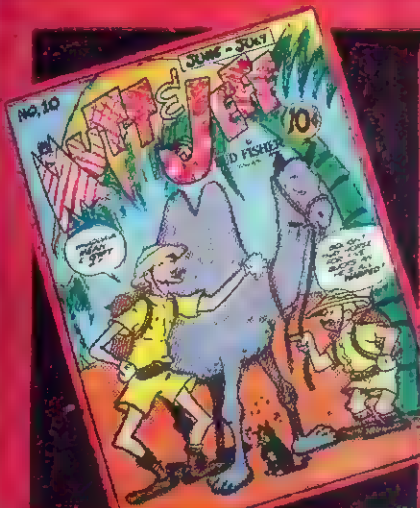
HER EYES, BRUCE! THEY LOOKED RIGHT THROUGH ME! DO YOU THINK SHE KNEW?

ABOUT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN? NO-- BUT SHE MAY HAVE SENSED SOMETHING OF CONFLICT AND DANGER ABOUT US... AND PERHAPS WITH THE RISKS WE'RE ALWAYS RUNNING, THE LESS WE KNOW ABOUT TOMORROW, THE BETTER WE'LL SLEEP AT NIGHT!

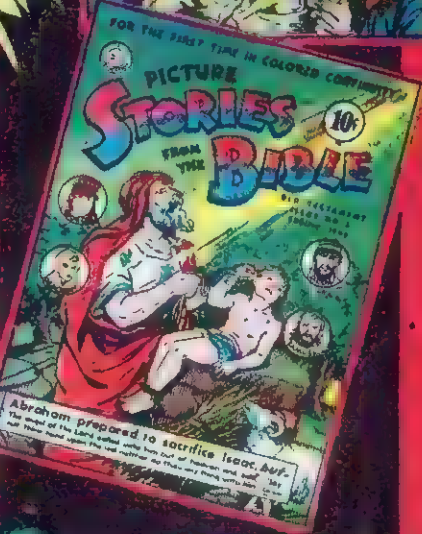
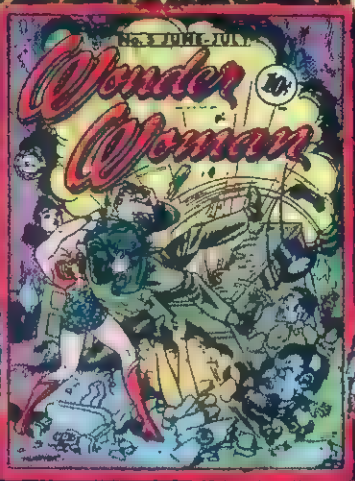
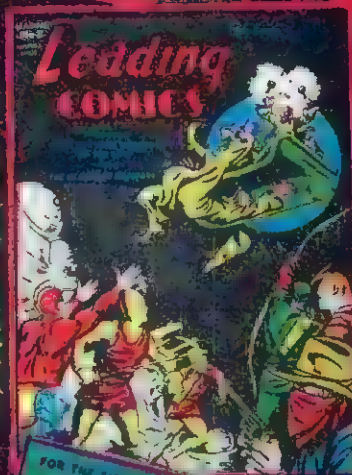


THE END





BE SURE  
TO GET THESE  
TOP FAVORITES  
FOR THE BEST IN  
COMICS!



NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!





# SLAM BRADLEY

EVER BUY A PIG IN A POKE?... SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE WITHOUT READING WHAT YOU'RE SIGNING?... FORGET TO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAPED?... WELL, THOSE TWO CROOK-CATCHERS, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, WOULD CONDEMN SUCH CONDUCT AS MOST UNWISE! HOWEVER, FOLKS DON'T ALWAYS PRACTICE WHAT THEY PREACH, OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO QUICK TO BUY...

**"TWO  
TICKETS TO  
TROUBLE!"**



OUR STORY BEGINS IN AN OFFICE BUILDING, WITH TWO PIOUS GENTLEMEN ENGAGED ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY...

AH, MIDGE MY GOOD MAN, HUMANITY IS INDEED WONDERFUL! THE WAY THEY'VE UNBURDENED THEIR HEARTS... AND INCIDENTALLY THEIR POCKETBOOKS, TO US-- IS/SUBLIME!

YEAH, SWINDLER, AIN'T IT TH' TRUTH! DEY'VE GOT HEARTS OF GOLD!

WIDE  
AWAKE  
DETECTIVE  
AGENCY

HMM... WE MUST AWAKEN THESE TWO! I AM SURE OUR MISSION OF MERCY WILL MEET WITH A SYMPATHETIC RESPONSE!

SO LONG AS DEY PONY UP TH' DOUGH, IT'S OKE WITH ME!

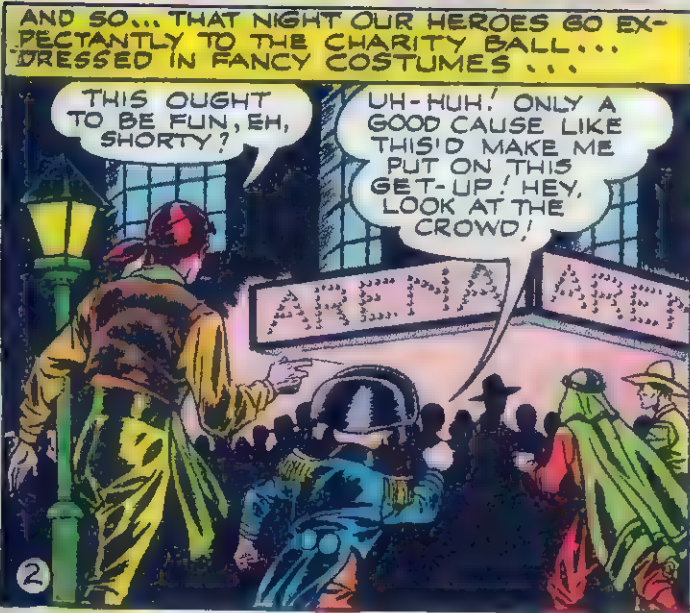
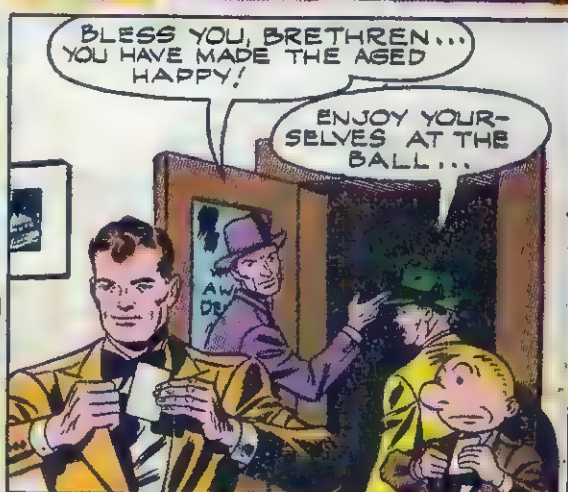
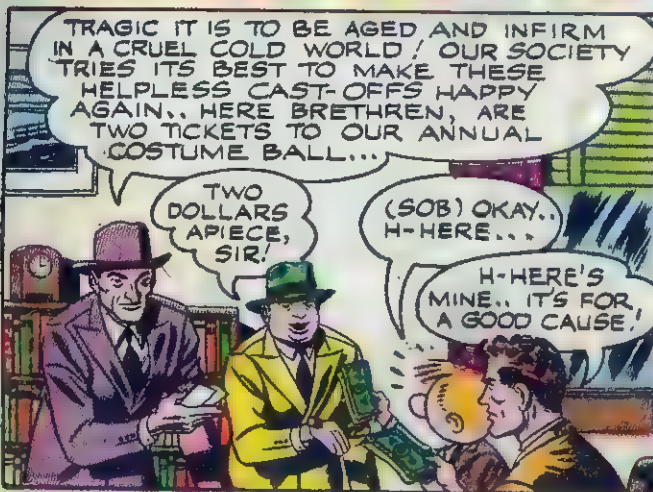
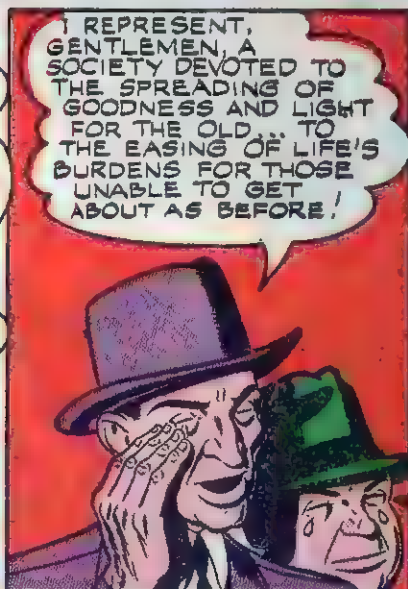
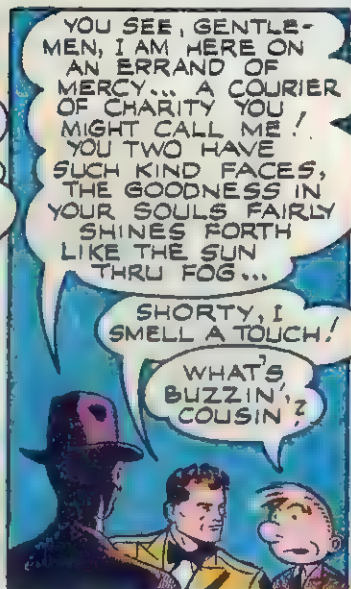
ZZZZZZ

HARRUMPH! PARDON, SIR, FOR DISTURBING YOUR SLEEP, I--

HUH? OH, ER, ... AH, SLAM BRADLEY'S THE NAME, AT YOUR SERVICE! WHERE'S THE CROOKS, WHAT'S THE CASE, WHEN DO WE START?

YAPE! SHORTY MORGAN-- THAT'S ME, WE'RE VERY BUSY, BUT WE'LL TAKE YOUR CASE IF YOU CAN AFFORD OUR FEE!









GO AWAY! SCRAM! YOU CAN'T COME IN ON THEM TICKETS!

HOW COME, BUD? I LAID OUT A DEUCE FOR THIS DUCAT!

HE MUST BE CRAZY, SLAM!



C'MON, RUNT! WE PAID FOR A COSTUME BALL AND A COSTUME BALL WE'RE GETTING!

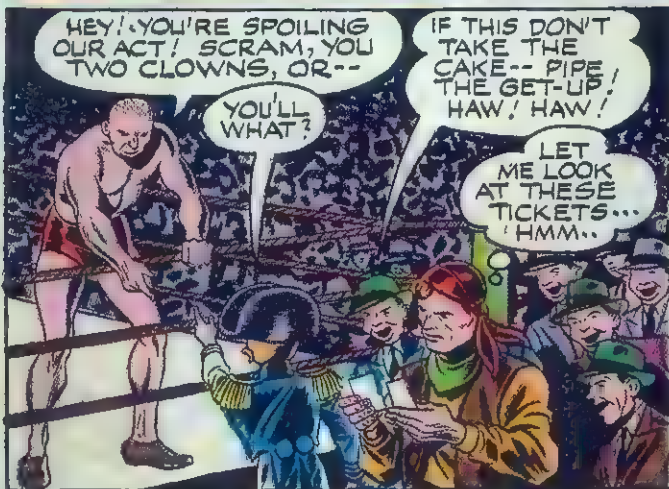
COME BACK HERE, YOU TWO!



INSIDE THE ARENA... A SURPRISE!

YEOW! IT'S A WRESTLING MATCH - A MEAT-TOSSING CARNIVAL!

HUH? LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BEHIND THE MEAT-BALL, THEN!

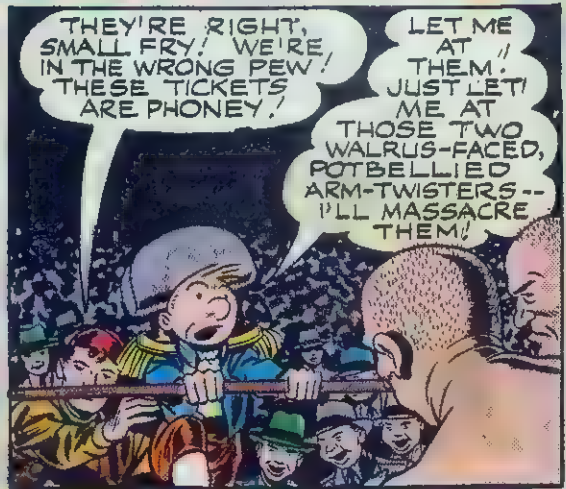


HEY! YOU'RE SPOILING OUR ACT! SCRAM, YOU TWO CLOWNS, OR--

YOU'LL WHAT?

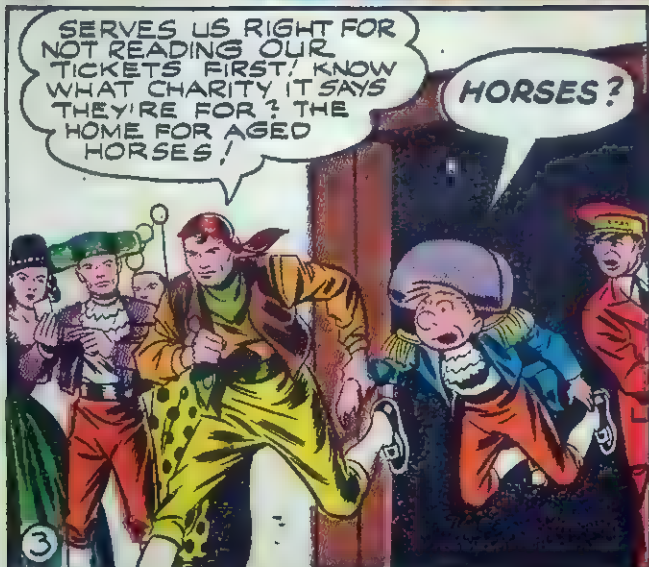
IF THIS DON'T TAKE THE CAKE-- PIPE! THE GET-UP! HAW! HAW!

LET ME LOOK AT THESE TICKETS... 'HMM...



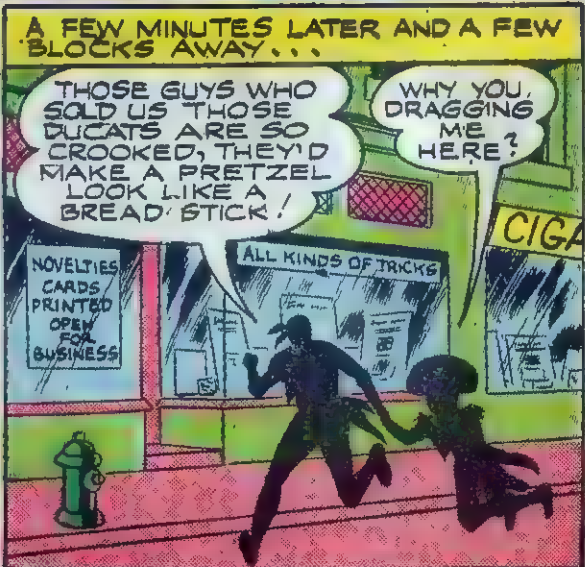
THEY'RE RIGHT, SMALL FRY! WE'RE IN THE WRONG PEW! THESE TICKETS ARE PHONEY!

LET ME AT THEM! JUST LET ME AT THOSE TWO WALRUS-FACED, POTBELLED ARM-TWISTERS-- I'LL MASSACRE THEM!



SERVES US RIGHT FOR NOT READING OUR TICKETS FIRST! KNOW WHAT CHARITY IT SAYS THEY'RE FOR? THE HOME FOR AGED HORSES!

HORSES?



A FEW MINUTES LATER AND A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...

THOSE GUYS WHO SOLD US THOSE DUCATS ARE SO CROOKED, THEY'D MAKE A PRETZEL LOOK LIKE A BREAD STICK!

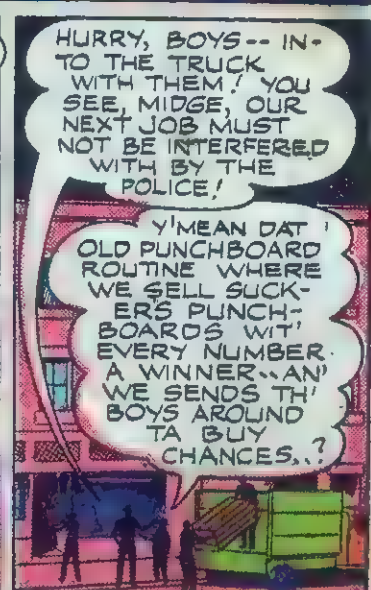
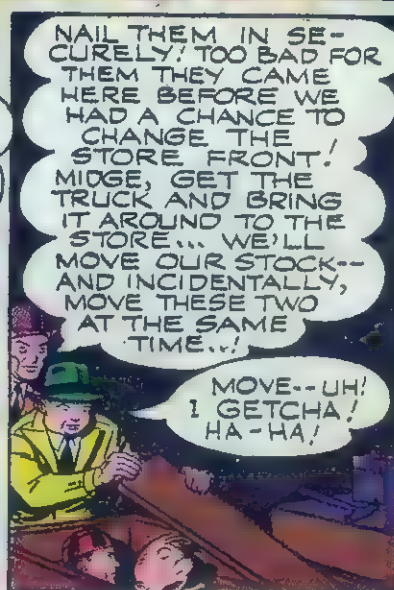
WHY YOU, DRAGGING ME HERE?

NOVELTIES CARDS PRINTED OPEN BUSINESS

ALL KINDS OF TRICKS

CIGA









BUT LET US  
PEER INSIDE  
THE CRATE...  
WHERE LIFE  
BEGINS TO  
'STIR...

WOW! MY HEAD... HEY,  
SHORTY! WAKE UP!  
WE'RE IN A BOX---  
AND I THINK WE'RE  
MOVING!

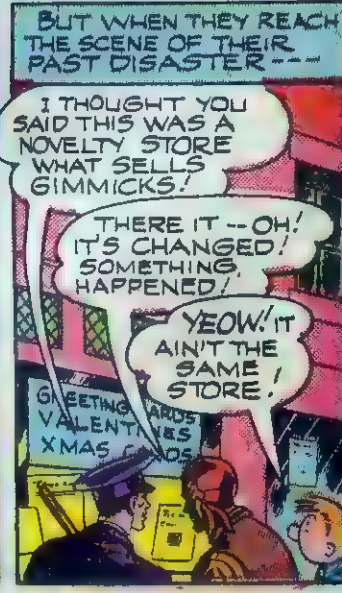
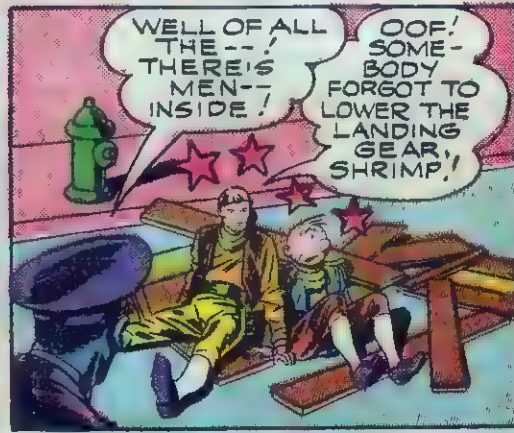
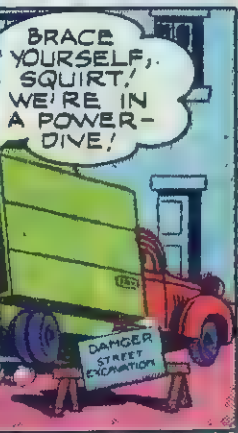
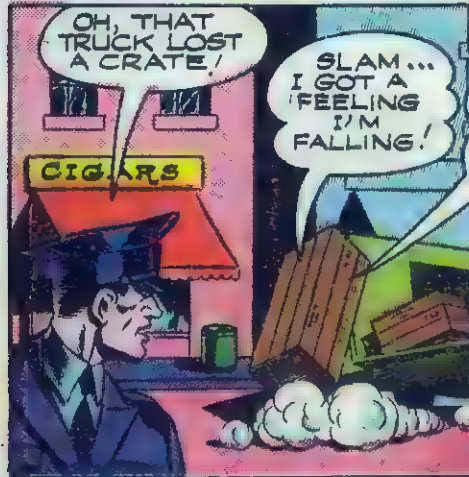
THE  
ORIGINAL  
SARDINES,  
THAT'S US!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?



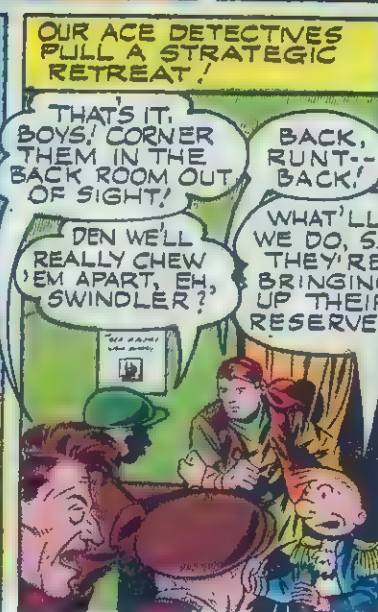
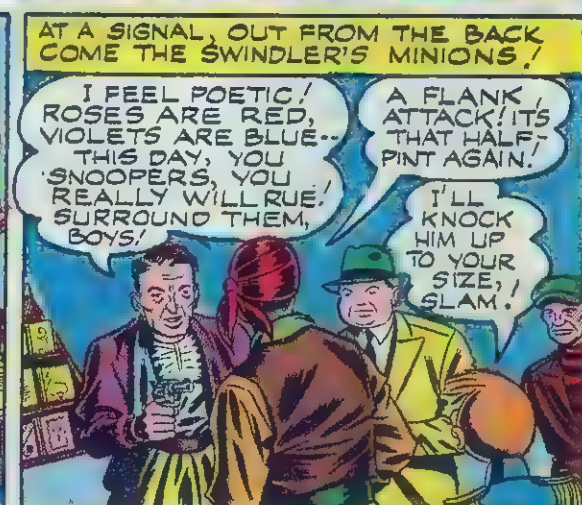
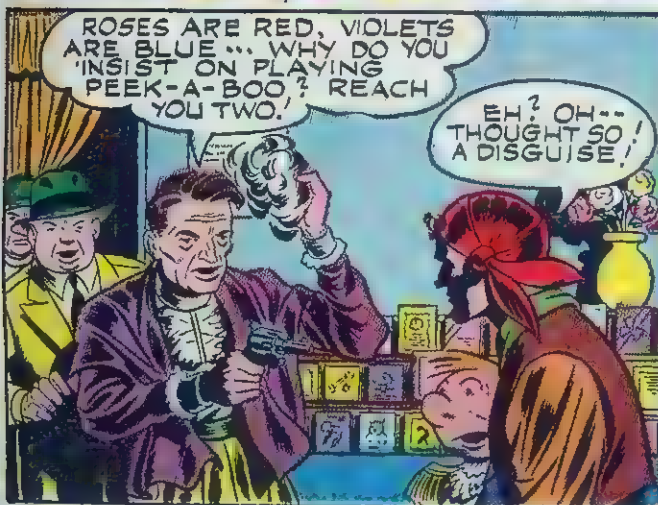
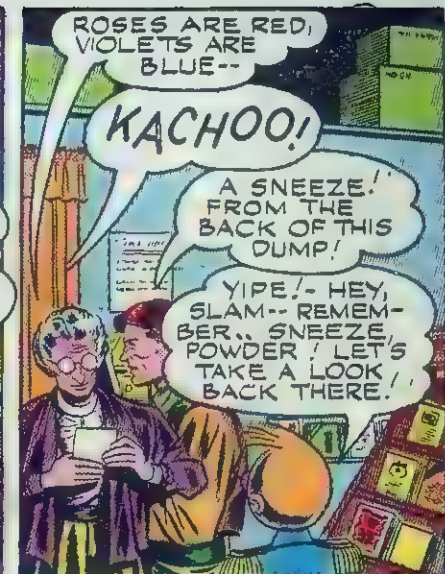
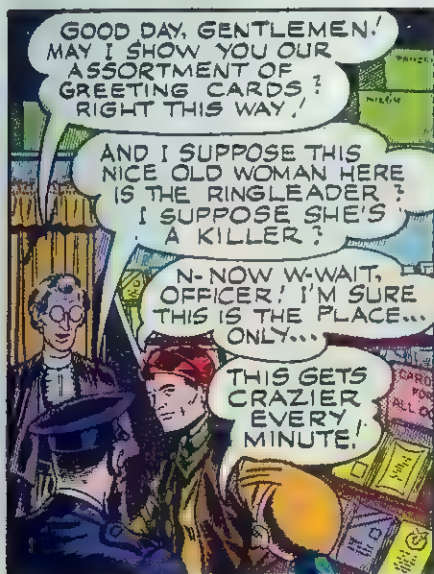
THROUGH THE CITY THE TRUCK SPEEDS... BUT AS IT BUMPS ACROSS A STREET EXCAVATION...

YIPE! MY HEAD, AGAIN! WHERE ARE WE-- WHAT'S GOING ON?

DON'T KNOW, SMALL FRY... THINK WE'RE IN A CAR OR A TRUCK AND HEADING FOR A FUNERAL!

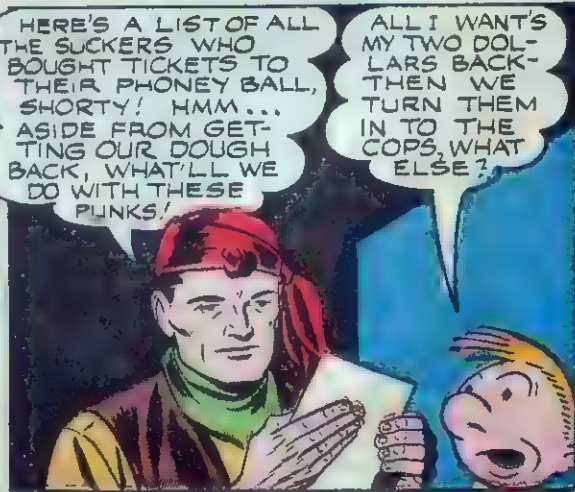
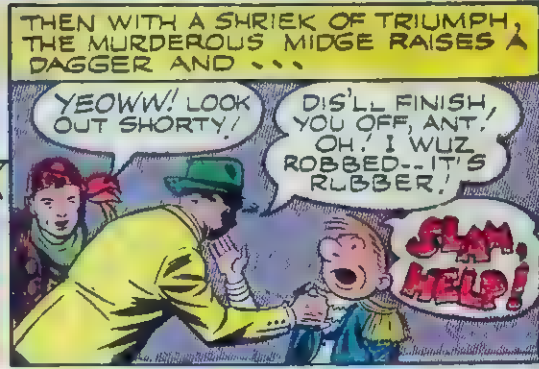
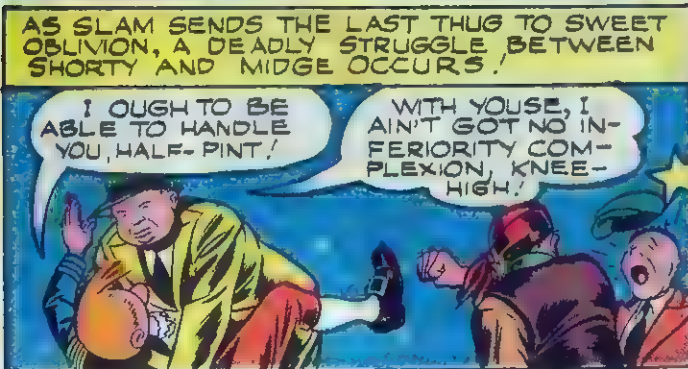
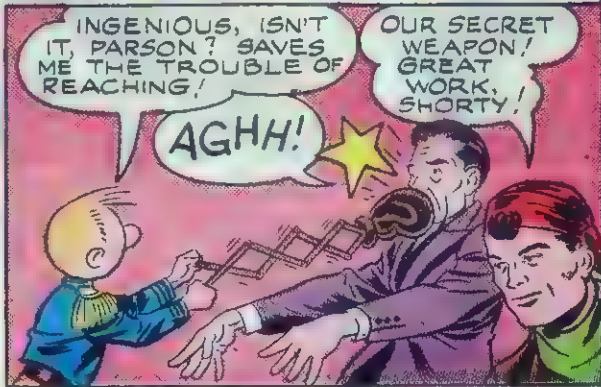
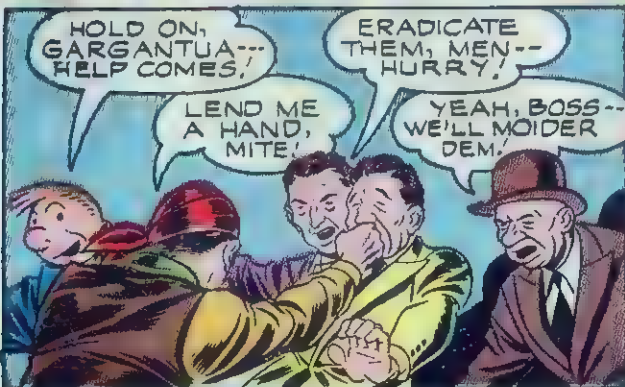
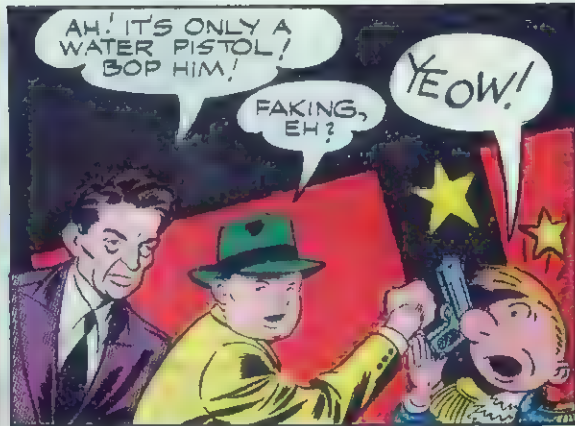
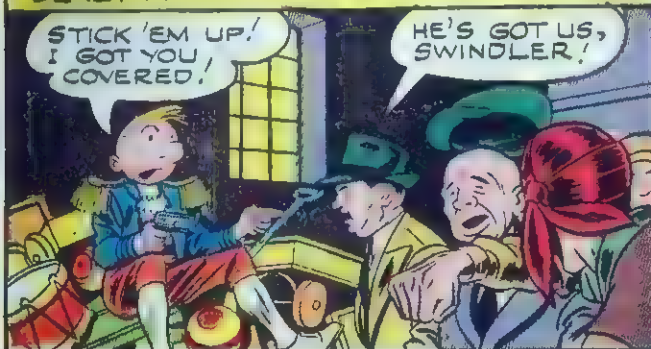








LICKING THEIR CHOPS, THE MADDENED GANG SURROUNDS SLAM WHEN SUDDENLY...





BEFORE WE TURN THEM IN, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THE ROUNDS OF EVERYONE ON THIS LIST AND MAKE THESE PUNKS RE-TURN THE TICKET MONEY! PICK UP THE SHRIMP, SHORTY!

OKAY, SIR GALAHAD, BUT I THINK YOU'RE BATTY!

ALL OVER TOWN, SHORTY AND SLAM GO, FORCING THE TWO CONFIDENCE MEN TO RETURN THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS!

HERE'S YOUR TWO BUCKS, SUCKER!

WELL...! NEVER EXPECTED TO GET MY DOUGH BACK! SAY, I CAN USE DETECTIVES SOMETIMES-- LEAVE ME YOUR CARD!

WE'RE COMBINING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE, SHORTY! WHAT A SWELL PUBLICITY BREAK FOR US!

LATER... WITH EVERYONE ON THE LIST REIMBURSED, SLAM AND SHORTY DECIDE IT'S TIME FOR THEIR OWN PAY-BACK, BUT--

COME ON! FORK OVER OUR FOUR DOLLARS!

YEAH... HA... BROKE!

HARRUMPH! WELL... YOU SEE, ER, AH-- WE'RE BROKE!

WHAT!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

N-NOTHING, OFFICER! THEY JUST TRIPPED!

FOLLOW THE **SLAM-BANG** ADVENTURES OF **SLAM BRADLEY** AND **SHORTY** IN EVERY ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS!**

LIKE ACTION? HERE'S PLENTY OF IT!

**the COMMANDOS ARE COMING!**

THE MOST SENSATIONAL HEROES 'IN THE COMIC FIELD INVADE EUROPE IN A SMASHING, FLASHING, CRASHING STORY LOADED WITH DYNAMITE!

**DON'T MISS THIS INVASION ISSUE!**

**ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY 30<sup>th</sup>**





# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

MANY AN INNOCENT MAN HAS BEEN USED AS A DE-  
LUDED DUPE BY A CRAFTY  
CRIMINAL HOPING TO SE-  
CURE ILL-GOTTEN GAIN...  
BUT IT REQUIRES THE BOLD-  
NESS OF THE ADDER TO  
THINK OF USING LEE TRAY-  
IS, BETTER KNOWN TO  
MILLIONS OF READERS AS  
THE CRIMSON AVENGER,  
AS AN UNWILLING AC-  
COMPLICE IN HIS CUNNING-  
LY CONCEIVED CRIMES!  
THE ADDER'S MOTTO IS THAT  
WELL KNOWN MAXIM,  
"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE..."  
AND THE ADDER'S POCKETS  
ARE STUFFED WITH STOLEN  
LUCRE... UNTIL THE CRIM-  
SON CRIME-SMASHER PICKS  
UP HIS SLIMY TRAIL, AND  
WRITES FINIS TO...

**"THE CASE  
OF THE  
ADVERTISING  
CROOK!"**

TO THE  
VAULTS  
↓





MEET SHORTY... A LITTLE CROOK WITH BIG IDEAS... WHO FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE APPEARS TO BE DOING SOMETHING LEGAL!

THIS IS A SWELL IDEA THE BOSS HAS, GETTIN' IN TOUCH WITH US THROUGH THE PAPERS!



WOULDN'T THAT NEWSPAPER EDITOR BE SURPRISED IF HE KNEW HE WAS PRINTING MESSAGES TO CROOKS!

PERSONAL NOTICES

Mr. Little will please be at his usual place at the usual time if he desires to learn something of great interest to himself.

THAT EVENING, AT A DESERTED STREET CORNER...

THAT'S THE ADDER GIVIN' ME INSTRUCTIONS! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT HIM, BUT IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE!

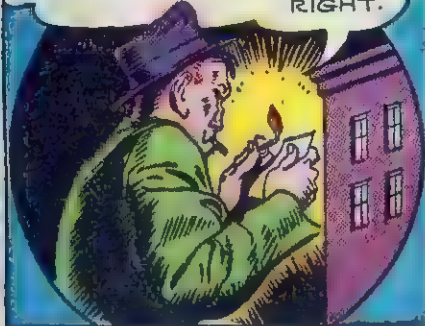
MR. LITTLE, YOU WILL OBEY ORDERS, EXACTLY!



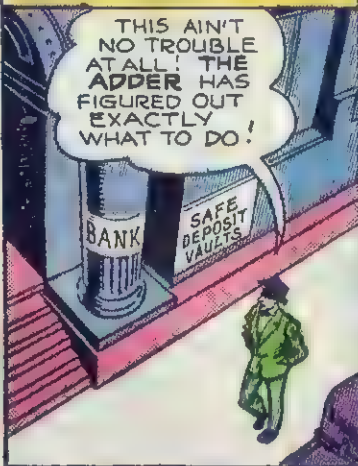
NEXT DAY... THE DIMINUTIVE THUG, LURED ON BY A VISION OF WEALTH, FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS!

AFTER THE ADDER HAS GONE...

IT SAYS TO READ THIS, THEN BURN IT! AND IT GIVES COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR ROBBIN' THE BANK! WHEN THE ADDER CASES A JOINT, HE CASES IT! RIGHT!

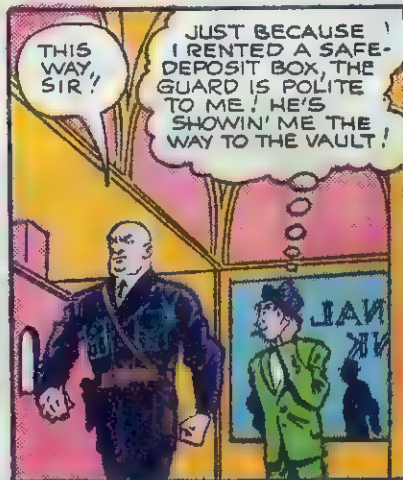


THIS AIN'T NO TROUBLE AT ALL! THE ADDER HAS FIGURED OUT EXACTLY WHAT TO DO!



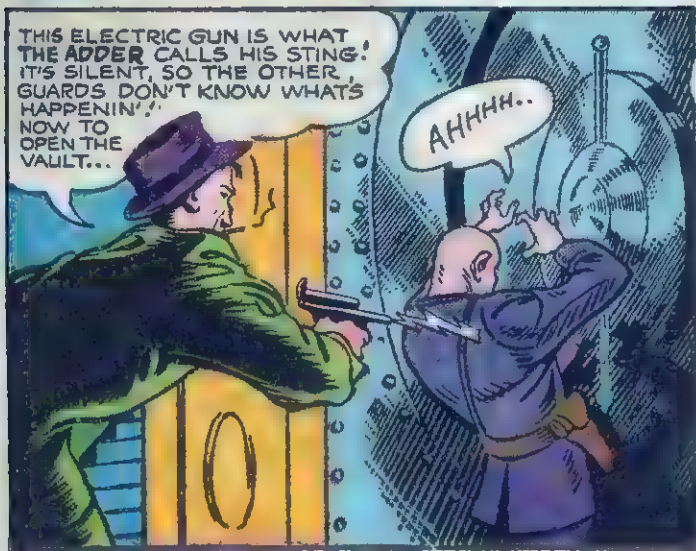
THIS WAY, SIR!

JUST BECAUSE I RENTED A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX, THE GUARD IS POLITE TO ME! HE'S SHOWIN' ME THE WAY TO THE VAULT!

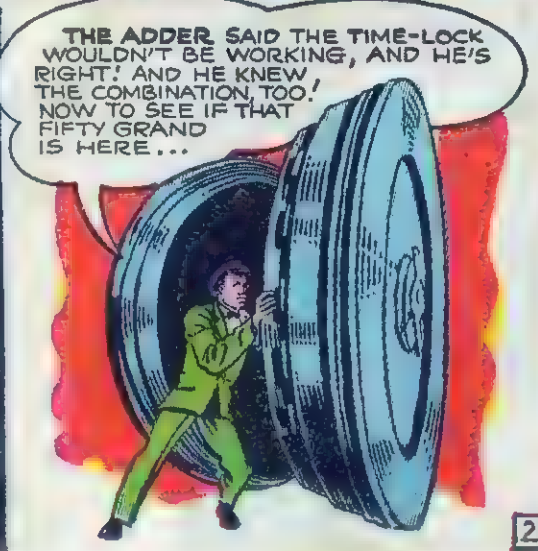


THIS ELECTRIC GUN IS WHAT THE ADDER CALLS HIS STING! IT'S SILENT, SO THE OTHER GUARDS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENIN'! NOW TO OPEN THE VAULT...

AHHHH...



THE ADDER SAID THE TIME-LOCK WOULDN'T BE WORKING, AND HE'S RIGHT! AND HE KNEW THE COMBINATION, TOO! NOW TO SEE IF THAT FIFTY GRAND IS HERE...







IT IS! IT'S A CINCH  
GETTIN' AWAY WITH  
IT! AND THEM GUARDS  
IN FRONT DON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!

THE BRUTAL MURDERER CONTINUES HIS MASQUERADE AS A DEPOSITOR IN THE BANK...



GOOD  
AFTERNOON,  
SIR!

GOOD  
AFTERNOON,  
GUARD! (IF HE  
ONLY KNEW I  
KILLED THAT  
OTHER GUARD  
AND PICKED UP  
ALL THAT  
DOUGH!)

THAT NIGHT, THE SINISTER ADDER CLAIMS HIS SHARE OF THE STOLEN THOUSANDS...



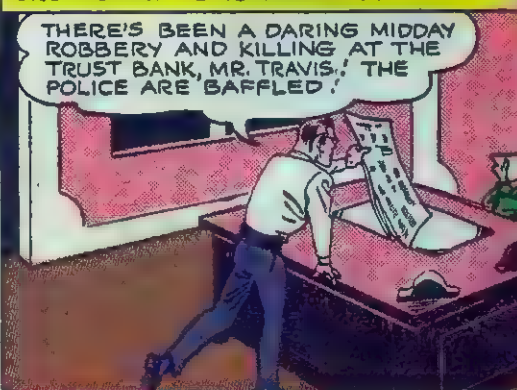
IT'S ALL THERE,  
ADDER, THE WHOLE  
FIFTY GRAND, JUST  
LIKE YOU ORDERED!

I SHALL LEAVE  
YOU YOUR  
SHARE! I'LL  
GET IN TOUCH  
WITH YOU AGAIN  
WHEN I NEED YOU!



HE GAVE ME ONLY FIVE GRAND OUTTA  
THE FIFTY! IT AIN'T ENOUGH! BUT..  
YOU CAN'T  
ARGUE WITH  
THE ADDER!

WHILE IN THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE **GLOBE-LEADER**, CRUSADING NEWSPAPER...



THERE'S BEEN A DARING MIDDAY  
ROBBERY AND KILLING AT THE  
TRUST BANK, MR. TRAVIS! THE  
POLICE ARE BAFFLED!

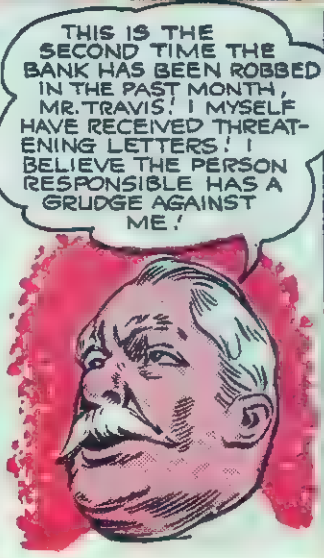
HMM...  
THINK I'LL  
TAKE A  
LOOK AT  
THIS  
STORY!  
MYSELF!



AT THE BANK...

YOU SAY  
MR. MARKER,  
THAT YOU  
DIDN'T HEAR  
THE SOUND  
OF ANY  
SHOTS?

THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
MR. TRAVIS!  
WE DIDN'T  
KNOW THAT A  
CRIME HAD  
BEEN COMMIT-  
TED UNTIL WE  
FOUND THE BODY  
OF THE GUARD!  
HE HAD BEEN!  
ELECTROCUTED!



THIS IS THE  
SECOND TIME THE  
BANK HAS BEEN ROBBED  
IN THE PAST MONTH,  
MR. TRAVIS! I MYSELF  
HAVE RECEIVED THREAT-  
ENING LETTERS! I  
BELIEVE THE PERSON  
RESPONSIBLE HAS A  
GRUDGE AGAINST  
ME!



WING, I'VE  
JUST LEFT A  
BANK PRESIDENT  
WHO THINKS SOME-  
BODY MAY WANT  
TO DO HIM HARM!

WING S'POSE  
WE DO VELLY  
DULL GUARD-  
DUTY, EH?



WING SPOSES RIGHTLY!  
SO, SEVERAL EVENINGS  
LATER...WHILE THE  
TWO PARTNERS-IN-  
CRUSHING WATCH AND  
WAIT PATIENTLY

MIST' MARK' NO SEEM  
'FLAID, HAVE GOOD  
TIME!

THE AVENGER'S  
KEEN EARS  
HAVE CAUGHT  
THE SOUND OF  
TROUBLE! SIN-  
ISTER FIGURES  
SURROUND THE  
HOUSE...

I AIN'T  
SURE I LIKE  
THIS KIDNAPING  
ANGLE, SHORTY!

SHUT UP,  
CHUMP!  
IT'S FOOL  
PROOF!

YOU CAN'T COME IN!  
THE MASTER IS ENTER-  
TAINING VERY IMPOR-  
TANT GUESTS!

HE'S  
GONNA  
ENTERTAIN  
US, TOO!

ALL THE SAME, HIS ENEMIES  
ARE LIKELY TO STRIKE AT ANY  
MOMENT! I THINK I HEARD A NOISE...

WHAT IS THE  
MEANING  
OF THIS?

YOU  
FIGURE  
IT OUT--  
BUT QUIET!  
OPEN YOUR  
YAP AND YOU,  
GET PLUGGED!

THIS IS AN  
OUTRAGE!

NO--JUST A BUSINESS  
DEAL! A HUNDRED  
GRAND APIECE, AN'  
YOU'LL BE FREE  
MEN AGAIN!

SHEPHERDING HIS CAPTIVES  
INTO THE OPEN, THE DIMIN-  
UTIVE GANGSTER PREPARES  
TO MAKE A GETAWAY...

THIS IS A CINCH! THE  
ADDER FIGURED EVERY-  
THING OUT TO THE MINUTE!

OKAY, GENTS-- INTO  
TH' CONVEYANCE!

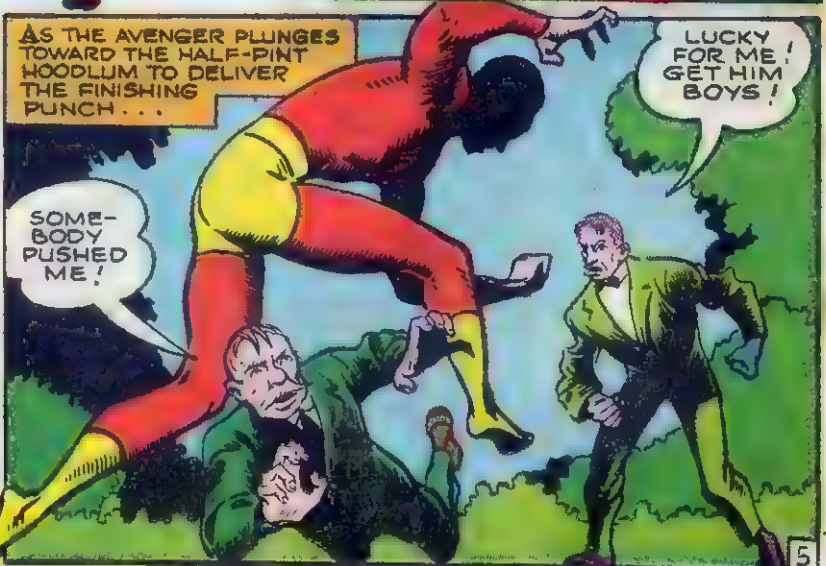
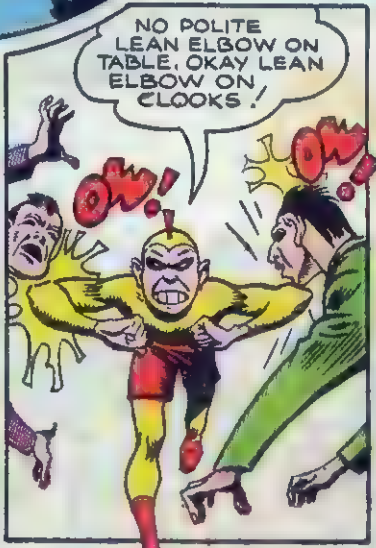
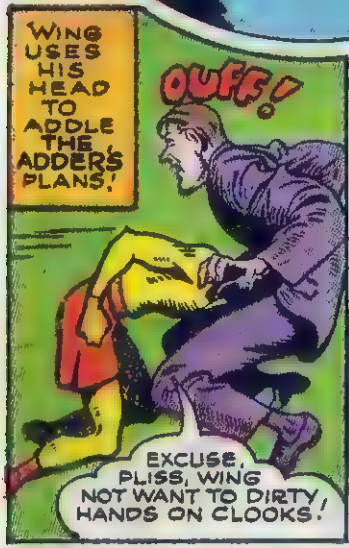
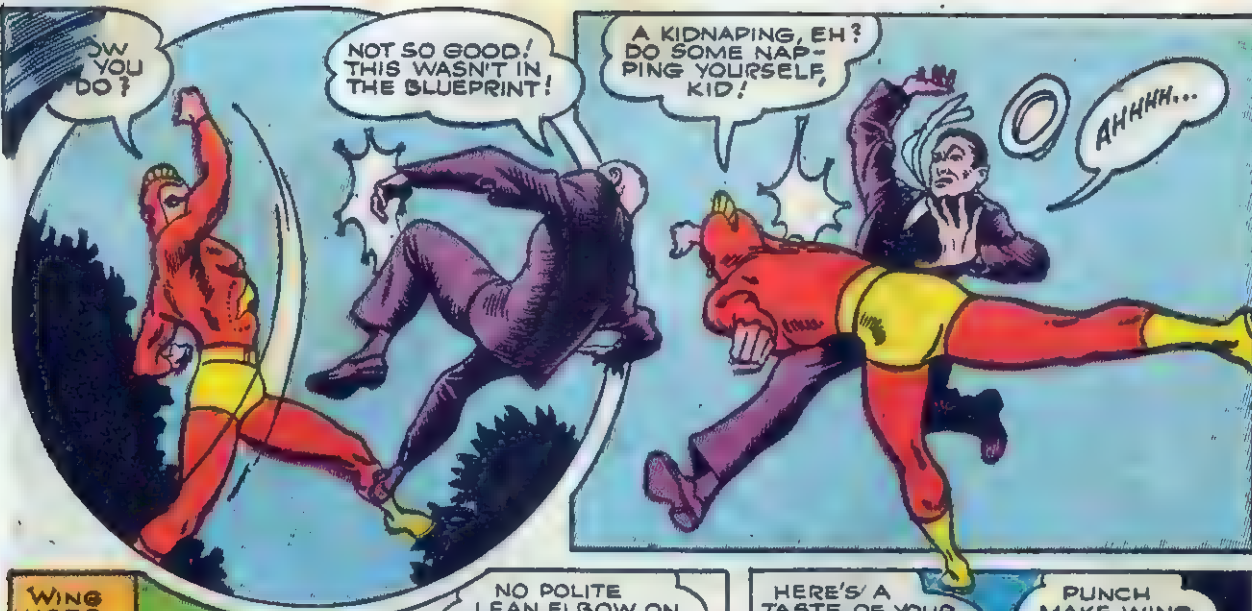
WE'VE GIVEN  
THEM ROPE ENOUGH,  
WING! TIME WE  
TOOK A HAND IN  
THIS GAME!

WE NO TAKE HAND,  
WE GIVE FOOT!

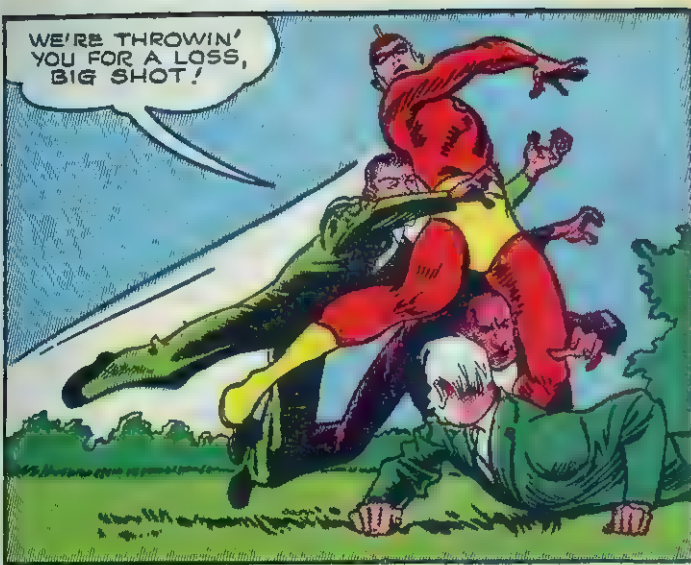
THE AVENGER'S  
FLAMING SWORD,  
PRODUCED BY  
A SPECIAL  
CHEMICAL,  
STRIKES PANIC  
INTO THE  
HEARTS OF  
THE STARTLED  
THUGS!

HEY--  
WHAT...









WE'RE THROWIN' YOU FOR A LOSS, BIG SHOT!



TOO MANY CROOKS CLIP WING AT SAME TIME, WING FALL DOWN!

BUT HARD BABY!



THOUGHT THE ADDER'S PLANS HAVE GONE AWRY, HIS HENCHMEN MAKE THEIR ESCAPE...

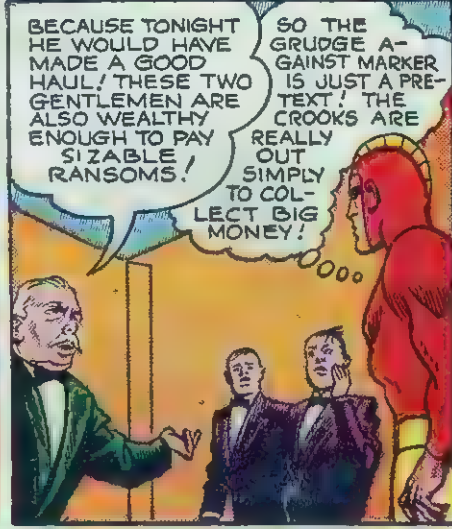
THE NOISE WILL BRING THE COPS! STEP ON THAT GAS!

SO LONG AS NO STEP ON WING, OKAY!



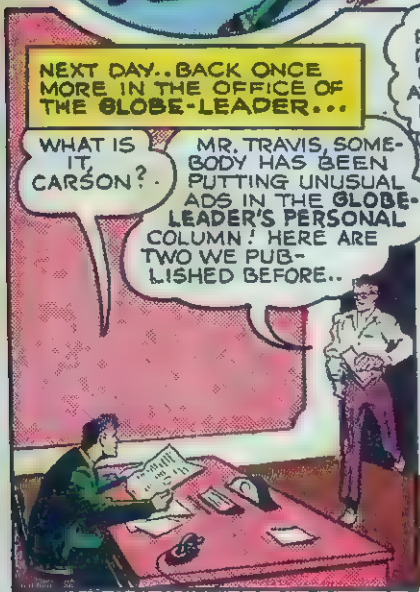
I'M SORRY I STUMBLED INTO YOU AVENGER! BUT MEANWHILE YOU'VE PREVENTED A KIDNAPING!

JUST WHY DID THE CROOKS PICK TO-NIGHT TO MAKE THEIR ATTEMPT!



BECAUSE TONIGHT HE WOULD HAVE MADE A GOOD HAUL! THESE TWO GENTLEMEN ARE ALSO WEALTHY ENOUGH TO PAY SIZEABLE RANSOMS!

SO THE GRUDGE AGAINST MARKER IS JUST A PRE-TEXT! THE CROOKS ARE REALLY OUT SIMPLY TO COLLECT BIG MONEY!



NEXT DAY..BACK ONCE MORE IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER...

WHAT IS IT, CARSON?

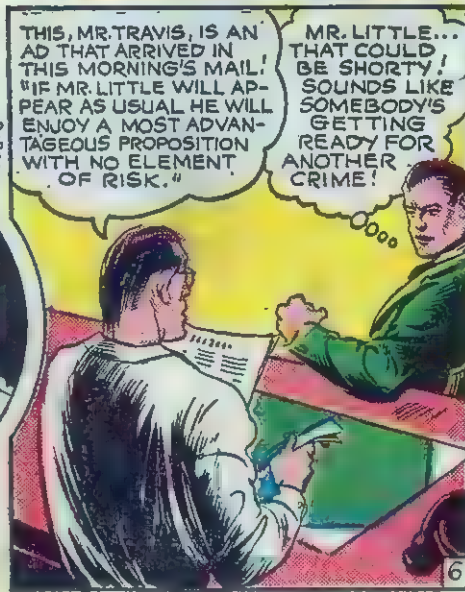
MR. TRAVIS, SOMEBODY HAS BEEN PUTTING UNUSUAL ADS IN THE GLOBE-LEADER'S PERSONAL COLUMN! HERE ARE TWO WE PUBLISHED BEFORE..

HMM...THE FIRST AD APPEARED BEFORE THE BANK ROBBERY, THE SECOND BEFORE THE ATTEMPTED KIDNAPING!

PERSONAL COLUMN

"Mr. Little will please be at his usual place at the usual time..."

"Mr. Little will find something of interest to himself at noon at the usual place..."



THIS, MR. TRAVIS, IS AN AD THAT ARRIVED IN THIS MORNING'S MAIL! "IF MR. LITTLE WILL APPEAR AS USUAL HE WILL ENJOY A MOST ADVANTAGEOUS PROPOSITION WITH NO ELEMENT OF RISK."

MR. LITTLE... THAT COULD BE SHORTY! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GETTING READY FOR ANOTHER CRIME!



THAT AD WAS SENT IN BY A CRIMINAL USING THE **GLOBE-LEADER** TO HELP CARRY OUT HIS EVIL PLANS! INSTEAD OF IT WE'LL PRINT AN AD THAT I'M GOING TO WRITE!

YES, MR. TRAVIS!

THAT EVENING THE SMALL-SCALE SCOUNDREL SEEKS NEW INSTRUCTIONS...

I HOPE THE ADDER ISN'T SORE BECAUSE LAST NIGHT'S CRIME WAS A FLOP! IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

PERSONAL GOES

Mr. Little and his friends will please be at the scene of last night's pleasant social event where there will be more fun and jollity this evening.

NEWSPAPERS

LATER, AS THE MIDGET MOBSTER ASSEMBLES A GROUP OF UNEASY CRIMINALS...

BOSS, MARKER AIN'T AT HOME! WE CAN'T MAKE ANOTHER TRY, TO GET HIM!

THE ADDER KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING, BOYS! WHEN HE SHOWS UP, DON'T MAKE ANY CRACKS! AND DON'T TRY TO GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE'S SHOT GUYS FOR THAT!

AS THE SECONDS TICK BY...

LOOKS LIKE HE AIN'T GONNA GET HERE, BOSS!

IN JUST A SECOND YOU'LL BE COMPLAINING THAT WE GOT HERE TOO SOON!

WAITING FOR US, BOYS?

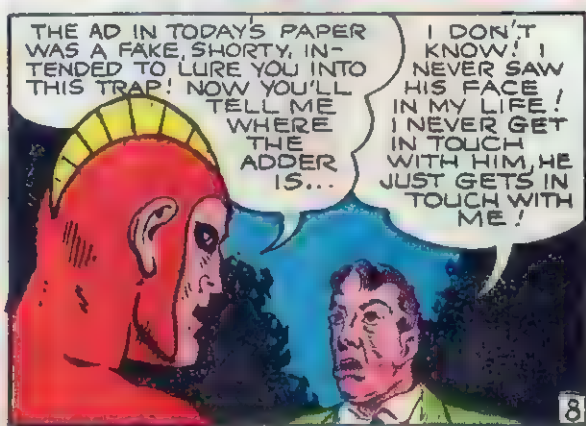
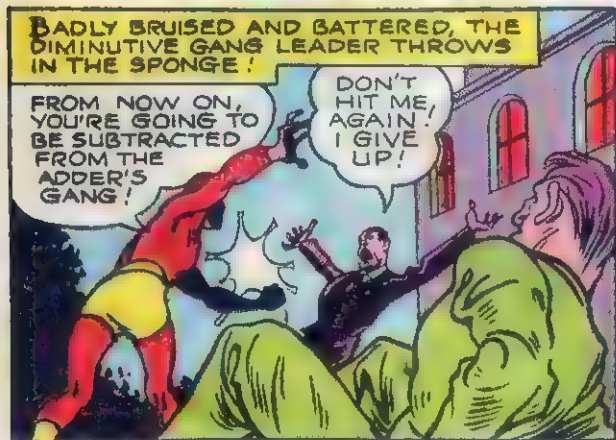
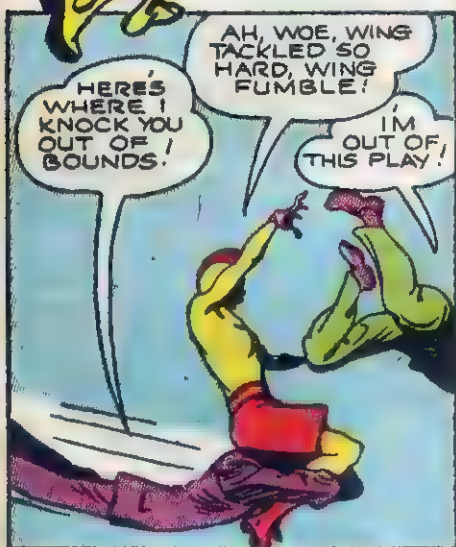
VELLY SOLLY WE LATE!

IT'S THEM AGAIN! HOW DID THEY FIND OUT...?

YOU LIKE PLAY FOOTBALL YOU ENJOY NICE BLOP-KICK, NO?

OWWW! MY HAND!



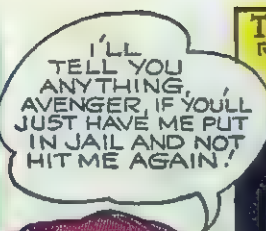




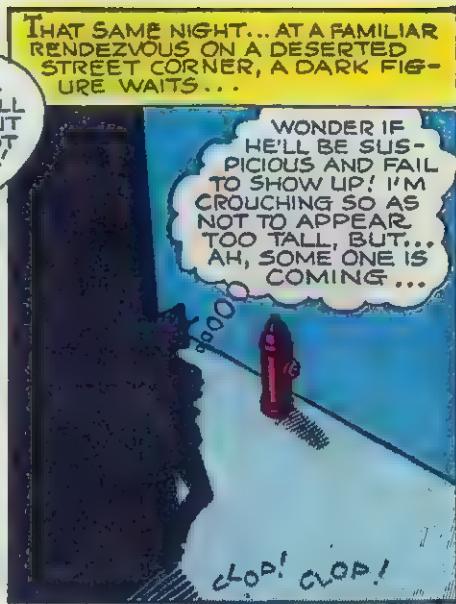


P'LAPS MIST' ADDA THINK HIS PLAN PLOCEED AS ORIGINALLY, EH, MIST' TLAVIS?

RIGHT, WING! I WANT SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU, SHORTY. WHERE DO YOU MEET THE ADDER?



I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING, AVENGER, IF YOU'LL JUST HAVE ME PUT IN JAIL AND NOT HIT ME AGAIN!



THAT SAME NIGHT... AT A FAMILIAR RENDEZVOUS ON A DESERTED STREET CORNER, A DARK FIGURE WAITS...

WONDER IF HE'LL BE SUSPICIOUS AND FAIL TO SHOW UP! I'M CROUCHING SO AS NOT TO APPEAR. TOO TALL, BUT... AH, SOME ONE IS COMING...

CLOP! CLOP!



YOU BUNGLED LAST NIGHT'S JOB, MR. LITTLE! HERE ARE NEW INSTRUCTIONS!

OKAY, ADDER!



WITH CATLIKE SPEED, THE DARK WAITING FIGURE TWISTS AROUND...

I JUST WANT TO GET A LOOK AT YOUR FACE, ADDER! I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY!



I KNEW YOU WEREN'T REALLY SHORTY, BECAUSE THE AD DIDN'T APPEAR IN TODAY'S PAPER THE WAY I WROTE IT! GET READY TO DIE, AVENGER!

I'VE BEEN THREATENED BY OTHER REP-TILES, ADDER, AND I'M STILL ALIVE!

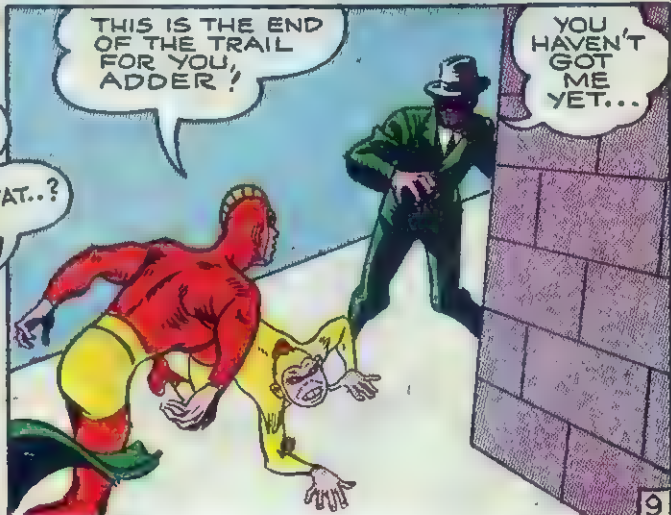


AS UNEXPECTED AS LIGHTNING FROM A CLEAR SKY, WING SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE LEDGE OF A NEIGHBORING BUILDING!

NICE WORK, WING!

WING KNOCK ARM AWAY IN NICK OF TIME!

WHAT..?



THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU, ADDER!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET...



THE WILY ADDER STREAKS DOWN THE STREET, WITH THE CRIMSON-CLAD CRUSADER IN HOT PURSUIT...

HE PLANS TO TAKE OFF HIS MASK AND LOSE HIMSELF IN A CROWD!

SUBWAY STATION EMPTY, NO CROWD THERE!



UPTOWN

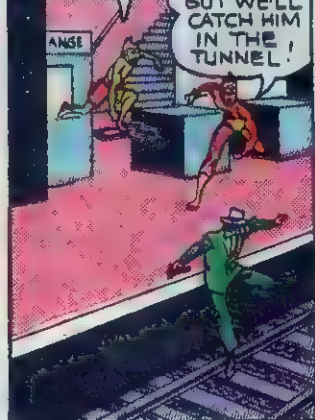
AH WOE MUST STOP SNAKE QUICK!

THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN THE TRAINS!



EXCUSE, PLISS, WING NO PAY NICKEL! COPS GO IN FLEE, WING ACTING LIKE COP!

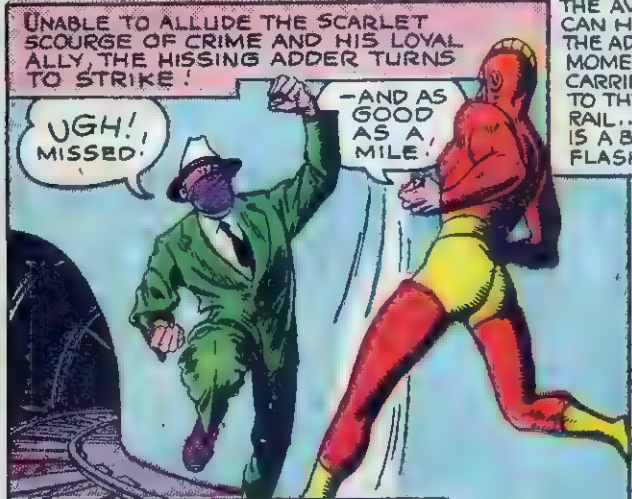
HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE DOWN THE TRACKS, BUT WE'LL CATCH HIM IN THE TUNNEL!



UNABLE TO ALLUDE THE SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME AND HIS LOYAL ALLY, THE HISSING ADDER TURNS TO STRIKE!

UGH! MISSED!

-AND AS GOOD AS A MILE!

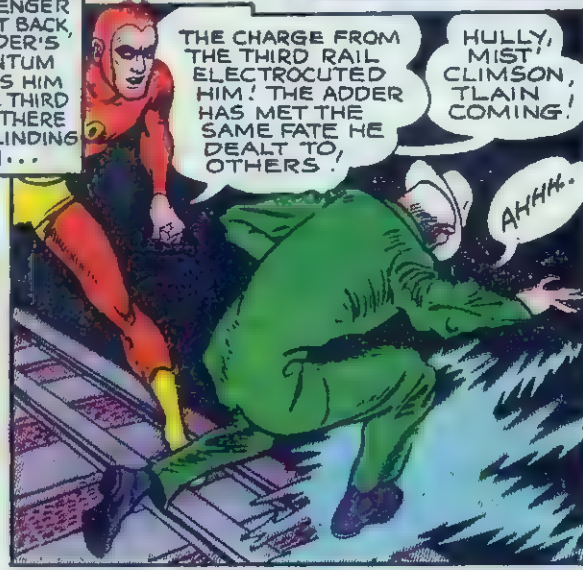


AND BEFORE THE AVENGER CAN HIT BACK, THE ADDER'S MOMENTUM CARRIES HIM TO THE THIRD RAIL...THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH...

THE CHARGE FROM THE THIRD RAIL ELECTROCUTED HIM! THE ADDER HAS MET THE SAME FATE HE DEALT TO OTHERS!

HULLY, MIST CLIMSON, T'AIN COMING!

AHHH...



BARELY IN TIME, A SCARLET BEAM FROM THE AVENGER'S SEARCHLIGHT BRING THE ONRUSHING EXPRESS TO A JARRING HALT...

MUST GO WAY FAST, MIST CLIMSON!

YES, BUT FIRST...



MARKER, OF COURSE! HE PLOTTED THE ROBBERY OF HIS OWN BANK, AND THE KIDNAPING OF THOSE BANK PRESIDENTS!

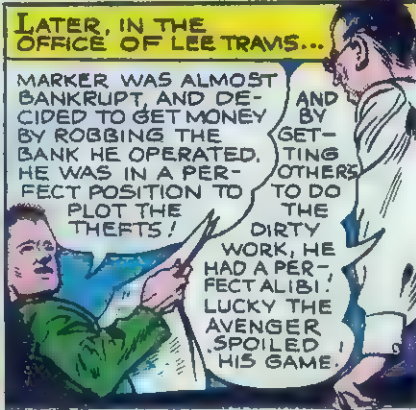
HE HAVE SELF KIDNAPED TOO, TO FOOL POLICE!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF LEE TRAVIS...

MARKER WAS ALMOST BANKRUPT, AND DECIDED TO GET MONEY BY ROBBING THE BANK HE OPERATED. HE WAS IN A PERFECT POSITION TO PLOT THE THEFTS!

AND BY GETTING OTHERS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK, HE HAD A PERFECT ALIBI! LUCKY THE AVENGER SPOILED HIS GAME.



THE CRIMSON-CLAD CRIME-CRUSHER HAS SPOILED MANY A THUG'S GAME WITH HIS KEEN MIND AND HAMMERING FISTS! SEE HIM IN SPINE-TINGLING ACTION AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS!**



# Are You

# "PRE-FLIGHT" MATE

## BOYS AND GIRLS!

CHECK YOUR PHYSICAL FITNESS  
AGAINST THIS NAVY PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL  
OBSTACLE COURSE. MEN IN PRE-  
FLIGHT TRAINING HAVE TO DO ALL THIS

— RACE UP 45 DEGREE INCLINES, THROUGH TUNNEL-MAZES,  
ACROSS BUNKERS AND  
WALLS, THRU BRUSH AND

## AMERICA NEEDS TODAY.

SO HELP GET  
YOURSELF IN CHAMPIONSHIP  
FORM WITH JACK ARMSTRONG'S



"I am indeed sorry, Private Jones. Rules won't permit me to  
serve your Wheaties in bed."

Maybe you can't have 'em in bed—but you can have all the Wheaties  
you like. These good whole wheat flakes are plentiful—and good,  
morning, noon, or night.



Product of GENE



# ERIAL?



OVER WATER JUMPS.

**CHAMPIONS**  
TRAINING RULES. HERE'S  
THE FAMOUS TRAINING  
PROGRAM FOR YOU TO  
FOLLOW EVERY DAY.

AIR, SLEEP AND EXERCISE.  
S OF SOAP AND WATER.  
EALS A DAY. START WITH  
TRAINING DISH, MILK  
FRUIT AND WHEATIES,  
KFAST OF CHAMPIONS"  
L LIKE WHEATIES!



"Wise guy! Fergits his Wheaties this mornin'!"

**GET GOING!** WITH  
WHEATIES TOMORROW  
MORNING. A REAL  
ATHLETE'S TRAINING DISH  
TO HELP YOU START THE  
DAY THE CHAMPION WAY.  
BIG TOASTED FLAKES OF  
GOOD WHOLE WHEAT...  
THAT'S WHEATIES. LOTS OF  
"UP-AND-AT-'EM" NOUR-  
ISHMENT FOR YOU, TOO,  
'N MILK AND FRUIT AND  
WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST  
OF CHAMPIONS." GET  
WHEATIES TODAY!

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL  
OFFER GOOD ONLY  
WHILE OUR LIMITED  
SUPPLIES LAST. GET  
HANDSOME MECHAN-  
ICAL PENCIL, SHAPED  
LIKE BIG LEAGUE  
BASEBALL BAT —  
STREAMLINE CURVED  
TO FIT YOUR FINGERS.  
SEND 10¢ AND ONE  
WHEATIES BOX TOP  
TO GENERAL MILLS,  
INC., DEPT. 251  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Breakfast of **Champions** "99"  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT  
GENERAL MILLS, INC

Wheaties™ and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.



# RETURN TO PRIDE

by Eric Carter

**S**HE lived away from town, in a tiny little fishing village tringing on one of Norway's innumerable fjords and so it was some little time before she heard about it. And when she did her heart went cold.

At first, the villagers had tried to keep the news away from her. But that had been impossible, for she was a wise old woman and knew her people. Now she knew.

Her eyes were tearless as she stood before his picture in the comfortable little cabin her husband had left her. She had raised the boy there, after the fishermen had brought him in. A foundling on a life raft.

Both she and her husband had educated him, tried to make a true Norwegian of him. Then, when her husband died, she had taken over the task, sending him to the University, indulging his every whim, allowing him to travel widely.

Germany had been his favorite place. Why, only last year he had been there. He had sent her a postcard.

Her hands quivered now as she picked up the picture and studied it. She was a frail woman, this Tia, and a good one. She was very old, and her life span was ebbing fast. She thought of the heartaches and disappointments Bjorn had caused her, remembered how fiercely she had tried to tell herself that he was only thoughtless.

Now she knew the truth. Her adopted son, Bjorn, was a Quisling. And worse, he was a Nazi; for hadn't the villagers seen him in the uniform of an officer in the High Command?

Tia couldn't cry; there were no tears for she was weeping with her heart. How could he have done this? All this time she had thought him in England, fighting with the Free Norwegians. And here he was

in town, a Nazi officer!

Her thin lips tightened. She raised the picture over her head, and dashed it against the fireplace. By the time the last tinkle of shattered glass sounded, she had made up her mind.

She would go to her younger sister.

None will ever know the tortured thoughts of this old lady during those night hours of the visit. She scarcely touched food and sleep was a leper to her. At night, when the air alarms sounded, she prayed that it would be the Free Norwegians trying to liberate their country.

And, because she was now a vital part of her valiant nation, it seemed as though her almost deaf ears were again opened; her almost blind eyes restored to sight. She learned about the underground; learned how, within the borders of Norway, brave men were waging war on the enemy by short wave, by sabotage, and by guerrilla fighting.

This was new to her, this underground, and she new to it. But because of her husband and the background of both their families she was accepted into the councils.

That was how she came to learn about the big new base, with aircraft and valuable guns that the Nazis had built. They were getting panic-stricken as word of a second front reached their ears. Yes, it was obvious, even to an old lady, that these beasts, these beaters of women and children were afraid!

They were frightened because at last the United Nations had recovered from the blows that had been struck in the dark, and were now clamoring for a fight in the open. England was ready, and America, and all the Allies. From the underground came word of the vast fleet of planes that had razed Bremerhaven, reduced Cologne

to ashes. At Dieppe, the Commandos had done irreparable damage.

And when Tia heard these things, her vision became clearer, like seeing Truth with her flaming sword, and the confident smile that seemed to say, "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

The pain of Bjorn was gone from her heart now. In its place was only cold, implacable fury. It was plain now why he had chosen Germany as his favorite vacation spot. All these years he had been a member of the Nazis. This day he had accomplished his task; he was a high-ranking officer.

And cruel. From all sides she heard of it. How he had hostages taken out and shot: men, women, and children. Yes, and among those men and women might have been children with whom he played. Tia's lips set resolutely as she walked to the underground meeting that night; and yet her head was bowed.

She could not forget that she had raised this Quisling.

But when the meeting was over, there was a new look on her face. Naturally, no one noticed it, because, to them, this old lady had always been sweet and honest and good. It was there, though, and it was a face of courage.

Two days later, garbed in her best black silk dress, and leaning shakily upon a blackwood cane, she querulously stood before the sentry guarding the headquarters of Herr Commandant Bjorn Granstadt. In a halting voice, she explained her mission.

"I am the Commandant's mother," she said. "I must see him." The words were like ice in her throat.

His mother!

She saw the suspicion in the



Nazi soldier's eyes, and delved into her purse. He looked at the picture. "It is my son," she said, "when he visited Germany a few years ago."

"Wait here!"

In a moment, he ushered her in. Despite her efforts at control, Tia's heart pounded madly.

Bjorn was sitting there, watching her with half-closed eyes as she tottered toward the desk. A Nazi stormtrooper was alongside him. "You may leave," Bjorn said.

"Son . . . son . . . they told me I would find you here." Tia's voice quivered with emotion. "But this . . . this . . . uniform."

Bjorn's face clouded. "It is forbidden to speak against the Reich," he said sternly. "What do you wish?" His eyes narrowed. "And who told you I was here?"

Her little face wreathed into a smile. "Why, the villagers," she said, proudly. "Is it not well to have a son who is a great officer?"

The suspicion was gone from his voice when he spoke. This old lady, in her dotage, probably hadn't been filled with subversive poison from those ignorant villagers. His chest swelled proudly. *She* knew how important he was!

"So, Mother," he said, jovially. "You did not realize some day your son would be an important man?"

The wrinkled face lit up. "No . . . no . . . I did not expect to find you like this. If only your father could see you now." Tears filled her eyes.

Bjorn looked at her, impatiently. "In the New Order, there is no room for sentiment." He slapped a fist on the desk. "But what brings you here, so far from the village?" He looked at the clock. In a few moments, Colonel Geising of the Gestapo would be here for the inspection of the secret, new defenses. It would not be good for him to find this woman here.

Hesitantly, Tia put the paper

before him. "It is the bank, my son," she said. "I must have this paper signed by you, since your father left the house in your name. There are repairs to be done." Her lips quivered and her hand trembled as she laid the paper before him.

Bjorn's brows furrowed as he looked at it. "Those ignorant villagers!" he said. "Haven't they even money enough for a typewriter? Written in ink—bah!" He scrawled his signature on the paper, handed it to her. Then, forcing a smile to his face, he came from behind the desk. He thrust a wad of currency into Tia's hand.

"Go back to the village," he said, "and live quietly. Some day I shall return, and you will see and feel the benefits of the New Order." He held up a hand. "Now . . . now . . . it's all right, mother. Take it." He wished she would leave. It would not do for Colonel Geising to see a demonstrative old woman.

He could still hear her babbling thanks as the door closed behind her. Lighting a cigar, he thought: "I hope she remembers to keep her mouth shut."

Herr Commandant Grastadt's fears were needless, he realized, as a few days slipped by. The Gestapo informed him that his mother was living quietly by herself in an old-fashioned house. Bjorn breathed a sigh of relief at this news. At least she wasn't taking part in this accursed underground movement. Having the Gestapo give its approval had been a master stroke. He needed the Gestapo's aid.

Bjorn sighed happily, returned to the execution orders he had been studying. Taking yesterday off to visit a nearby town had put him behind. These Norwegians had better learn to stop sabotage, or he'd triple the hostage death penalties.

He looked up as the door burst open. Then, recognizing the visitor, he leaped to his feet, his arm outstretched in salute. "Heil, Hitler! Herr

Colonel, it is good to see you!"

Then his face paled as he saw the murderous expression in Geising's eyes. "What . . . what is the matter?"

Stern-faced SS men filled the room.

Geising's voice was knife-edged. "You pretend you do not know the British airmen bombed our secret base last night, reduced it to ashes?"

"Our base?" Bjorn's face went white. "But I was out of town, on business. How . . ."

"They would never have found it," Geising said. "But orders were issued to light the landing beacons. Our men thought our planes were aloft." His face black with wrath, he shoved a paper before Bjorn's frightened eyes. "This order to light the field was signed by you!"

He took it in trembling hands, looked at it. Typewritten. And with his signature. There was no denying it! The signature was his! But . . . but . . .

"My mother!" he cried. "She did it. She tricked me!" He was babbling incoherently now as terror filled his heart. The SS men moved around him.

Geising's gun butt ripped open Bjorn's face, sent him reeling to the ground. The Nazi's countenance was a mask of fury. "You traitorous dog!" he screamed. "Trying to blame an old lady who is so feeble she can scarcely walk. And did not my own men investigate and find her harmless?"

His gun went off.

And far away, in a little fishing village, an old lady stirred happily in the morning sun as she napped. Just a few hours earlier, the underground had informed her that the previous night the Nazis big, secret base had been destroyed by the RAF.

When she awoke, now, she would hold up her head again, and those bright old eyes would shine long enough to once more see freedom in Norway. And Bjorn would never know that vanishing ink had been used on the paper!



*Air Wave* IS A MAN OF THE CITY... HIS HUNTING GROUNDS ARE THE CROWDED STREETS AND SUBWAYS... HIS QUARRY, THE CITY CRIMINAL! SO YOU'D NEVER EXPECT TO FIND HIM AT HOME IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES... AND NEITHER DID SPUR SANDERS AND HIS DESPERADOES! BUT EAST OR WEST, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS IS NEVER HELPLESS WHEN CRIME STRIKES... AND THE BAD MEN OF THE BADLANDS ARE IN FOR SURPRISES GALORE WHEN...

"THE TENDERFOOT GETS TOUGH!"

# AIR WAVE



THE SUN RISES SLOWLY OVER A DISTANT HORIZON... AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY, LARRY JORDAN, BREATHE DEEPLY OF THE PRAIRIE AIR...

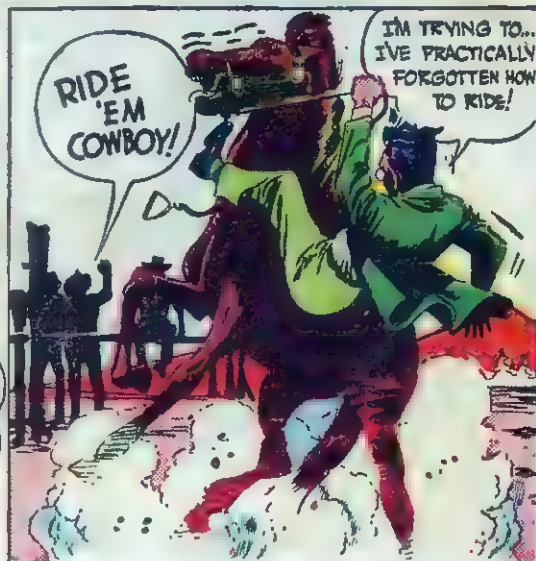
LARRY, I'M GLAD YOU GOT AROUND TO VISITIN' ME ON MY RANCH! I BEEN ASKIN' YOU LONG ENOUGH!



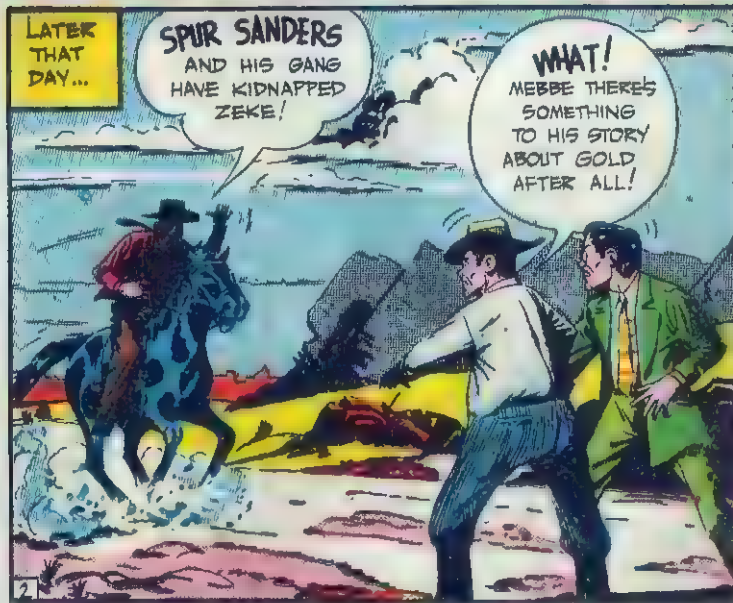
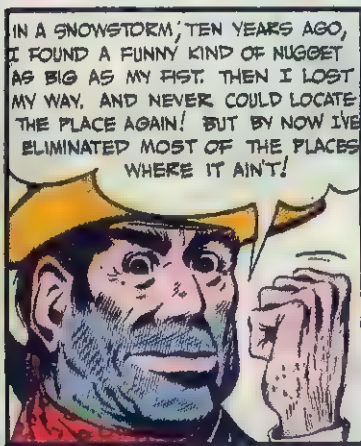
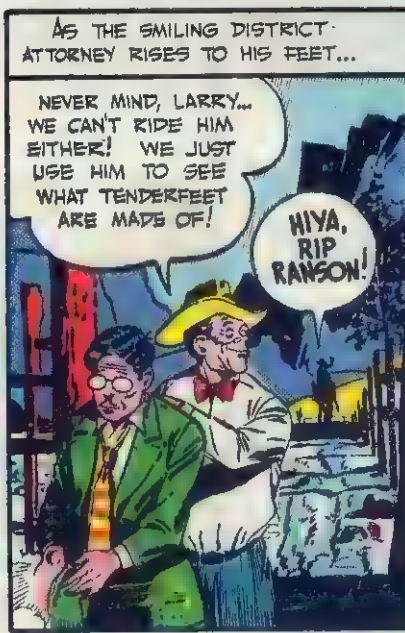
AHHH!... FRESH AIR! IT'S GOOD TO BE OUT HERE! NOW THAT I'M HERE, HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE HORSE-BACK RIDING?

RIDE 'EM CONBOY!

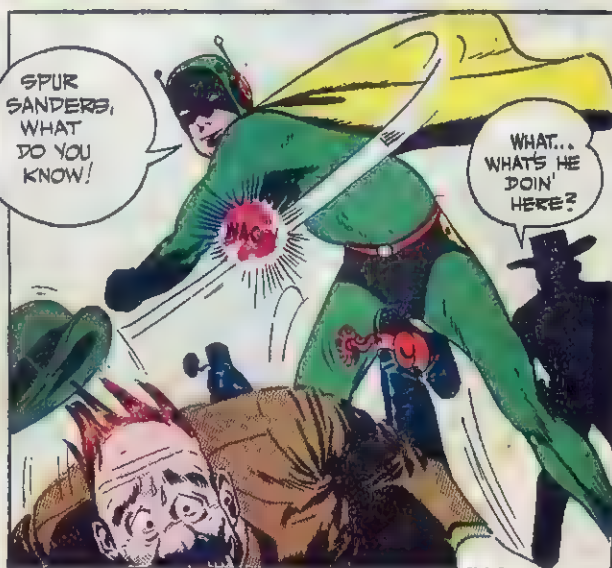
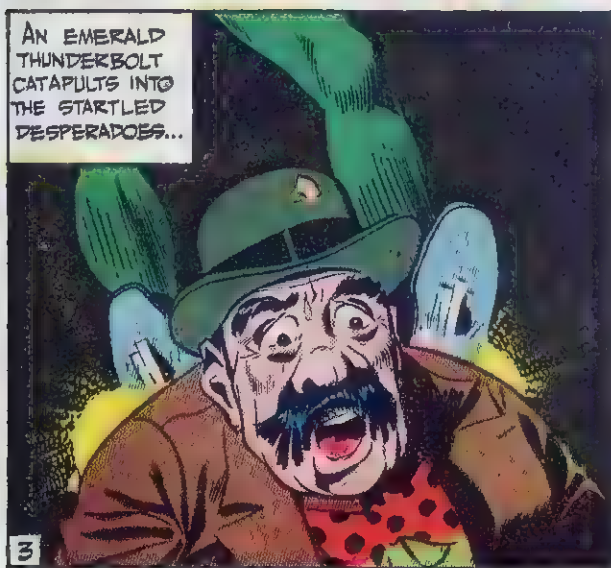
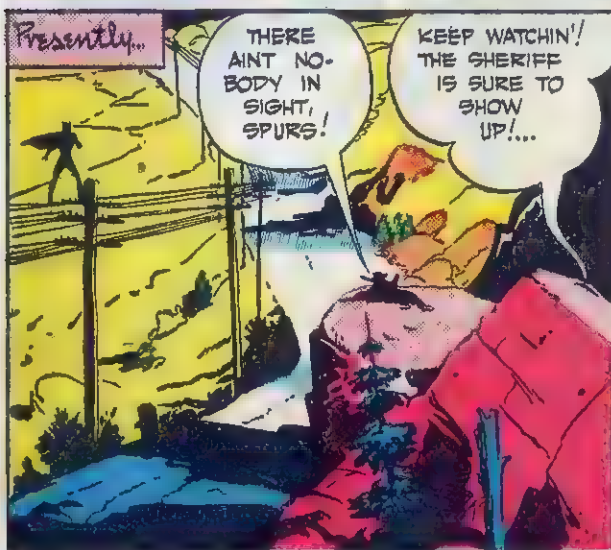
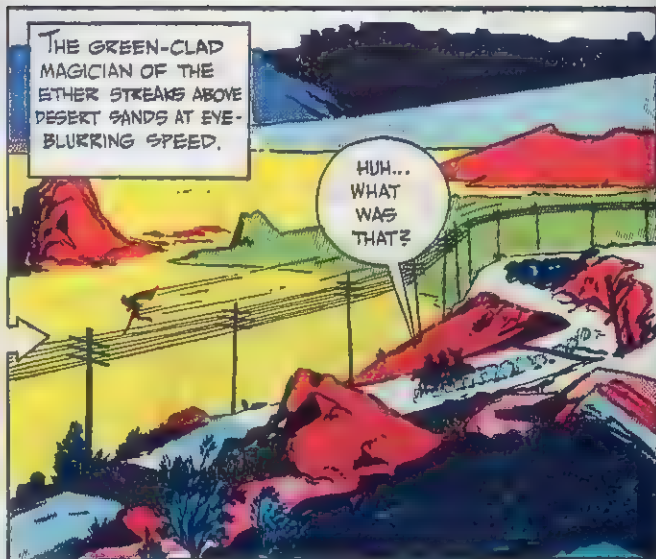
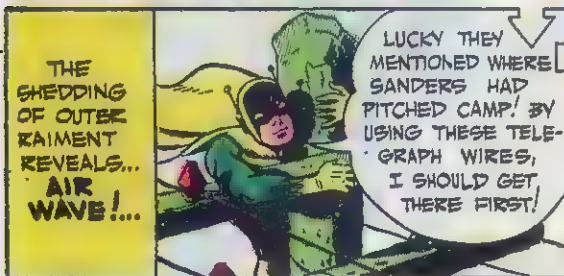
I'M TRYING TO... I'VE PRACTICALLY FORGOTTEN HOW TO RIDE!



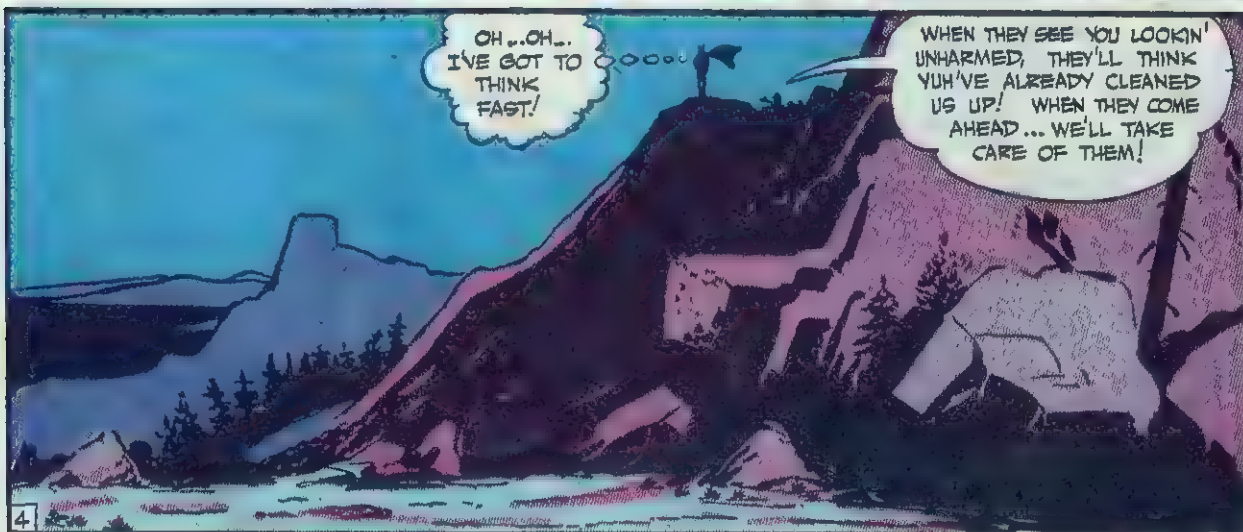
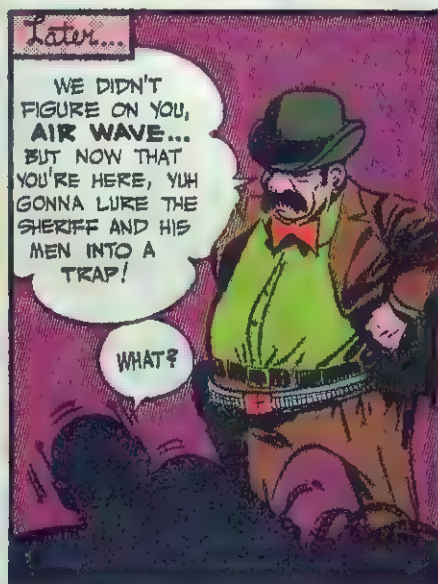
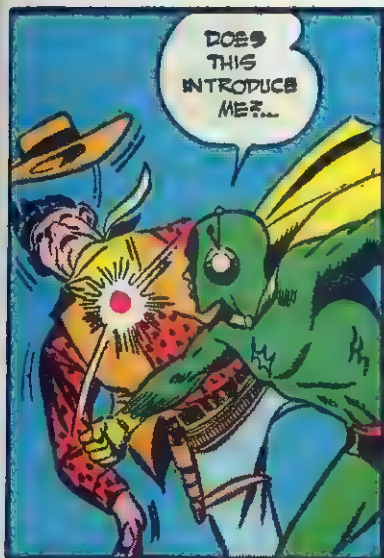














SOON AIR WAVE  
SIGHT'S DISTANT  
HORSEMEN GAL-  
LOPING HEAD-  
LONG INTO  
DANGER...

THIS IS  
GOING TO BE  
A SURPRISE  
TO THE SHERIFF  
AND RIP!

DON'T  
TRY TO  
UNTIE YOUR  
FEET, AIR  
WAVE!

WHISPERING INTO THE MICROPHONE STRAP.  
PED ACROSS HIS CHEST! AIR WAVE  
MAKES A FANTASTIC LEGEND COME TRUE!

WHOA,  
THERE SHERIFF,  
YOU'RE RIDING  
INTO A  
TRAP!

HUH?

D-DID YOU HEAR  
WHAT I HEARD!  
THE HOSS  
TALKED! I-I  
HEARD... BUT  
I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT...

WE  
MUST BE  
IMAGININ'...

NO, YOU'RE  
NOT! THIS  
IS STRAIGHT  
FROM THE  
HORSE...

... MOUTH! THAT WAS AIR  
WAVE'S BROADCAST TO MY  
STEEL BIT! BETTER  
BRANCH OFF THE ROAD  
AND COME FROM  
THE SIDE OF  
THE HILL!

GOOD! THEY'RE  
FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS!  
BUT EVEN ATTACKING  
FROM THE SIDE WILL  
BE DANGEROUS! I'VE  
GOT TO THINK  
FAST....

Suddenly,  
A HARSH  
VOICE  
GROWLS A  
ROUGH  
COMMAND!

REACH  
FOR THE  
SKY,  
KATTLERS, AND  
DROP YORE SIX-  
SHOOTERS! WE  
GOT YUH  
SURROUNDED!

WHAT?

I DIDN'T THINK YUH'D  
BE SMART ENOUGH, SHERIFF...  
HUH... WHERE ARE YUH?...  
SOMEBODY FOOLED US...  
IT MUSTA BEEN AIR  
WAVE!

RIGHT,  
SANDERS!  
I BROADCAST  
TO YOUR  
SPURS!  
HEAR 'EM?



AND NOW IT'S  
TOO LATE TO DO  
ANYTHING ABOUT IT!  
WHEN I GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THIS  
HILL, I'LL  
HAVE TIME TO  
FREE MY  
FEET!

Seconds  
later...

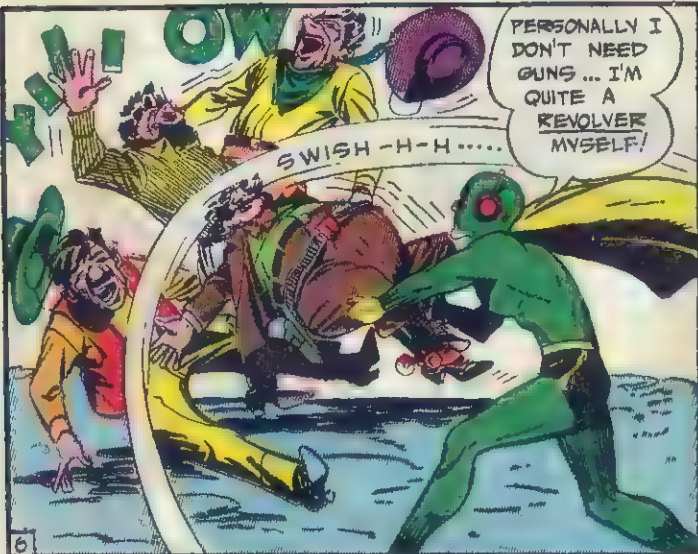
THIS SIDE OF THE  
HILL IS SO STEEP  
THAT BANDERS WON'T  
EXPECT DANGER FROM  
IT! NOW, IF THERE  
WERE A RAIN SPOUT  
FOR MY MAGNETIC  
TRACTION SHOES  
TO GRIP...

THIS VEIN  
OF MAGNETIC  
IRON ORE MAKES  
A GOOD SUB-  
STITUTE! AND I'M  
IN THE VEIN FOR  
CLIMBING!

ON YORE TOES, BOYS!  
THEY MIGHT COME  
AT US FROM ANY  
PLACE, EXCEPT IN  
BACK... NOT EVEN A  
MOUNTAIN GOAT KIN  
CLIMB THAT SLOPE!

SO I'VE DONE WHAT  
A GOAT COULDN'T...  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
FEEL MIGHTY SHEEP-  
ISH WHEN YOU  
LEARN THAT!

YOU'VE GOT  
THE DROP ON ME,  
SPUR... WITH  
BOTH GUNS!

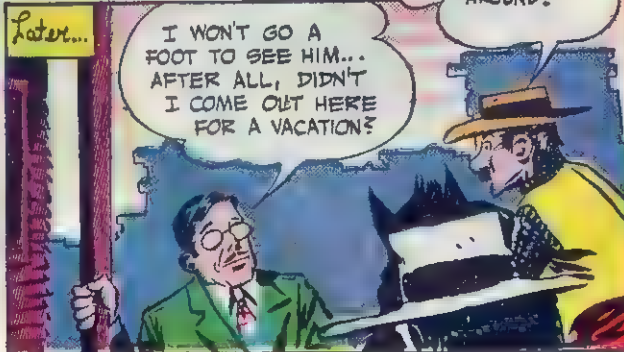
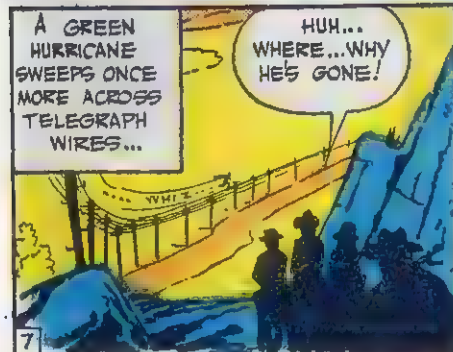
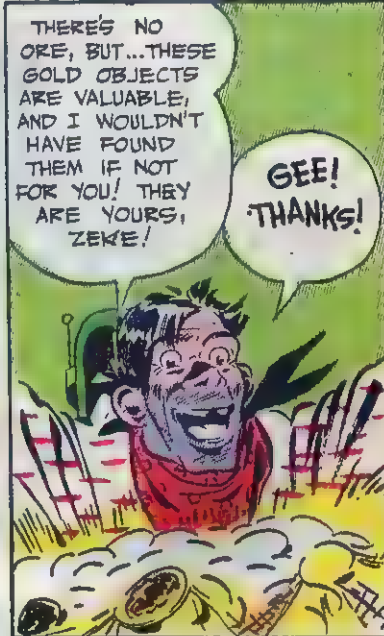
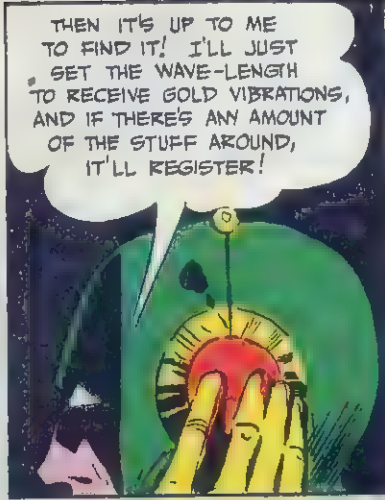


AND WHEN  
AN ASTOUNDED  
SHERIFF  
ARRIVES...

HERE YOU  
ARE, SHERIFF!  
LITTLE PACKAGES  
OF POISON  
ALL READY  
FOR YOU!

I'LL  
BE...  
!?!?





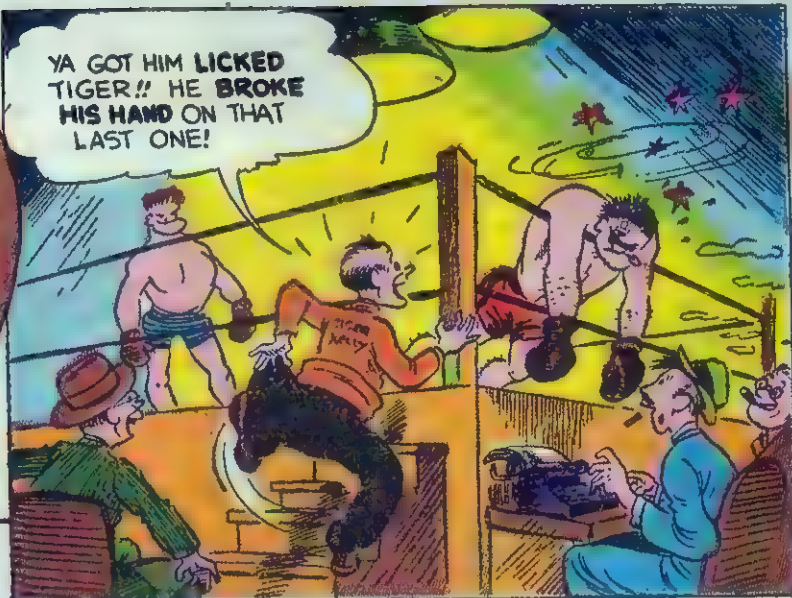
BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS  
*Sincerely, Air Wave*



# LIFE'S LITTLE LAFFS

by  
RAY NOULMAN

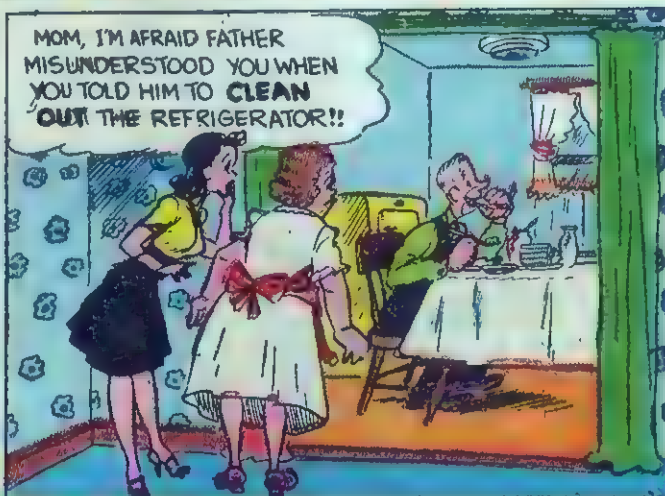
YA GOT HIM LICKED  
TIGER!! HE BROKE  
HIS HAND ON THAT  
LAST ONE!



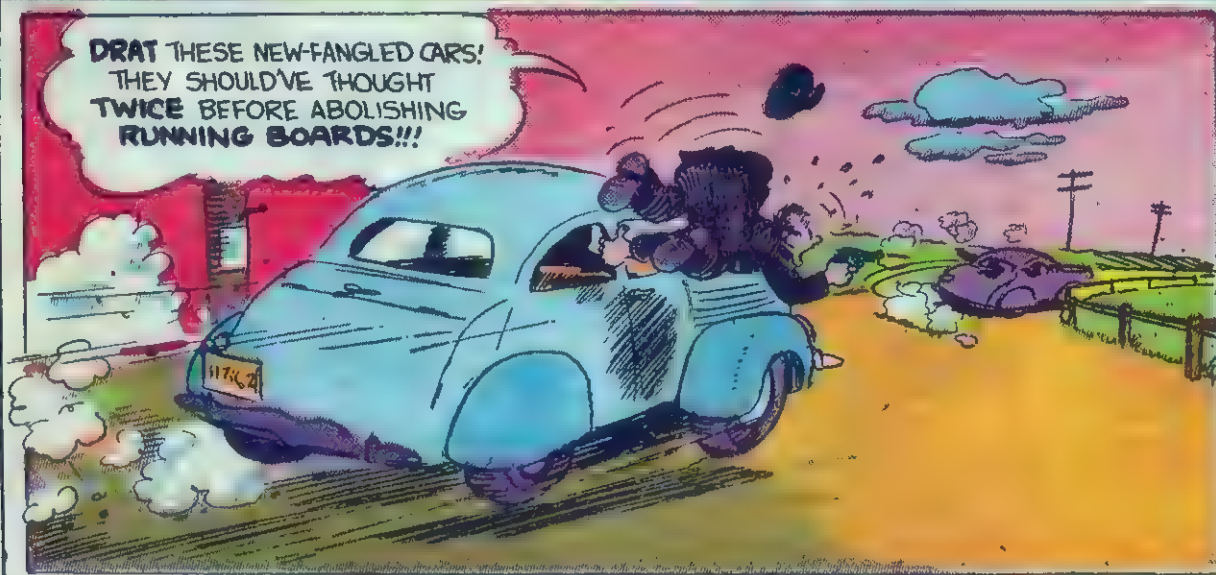
- BUT MY CLOTHES  
NEED TO BE WASHED  
TOO, MOM!!



MOM, I'M AFRAID FATHER  
MISUNDERSTOOD YOU WHEN  
YOU TOLD HIM TO **CLEAN**  
**OUT** THE REFRIGERATOR!!



DRAT THESE NEW-FANGLED CARS!  
THEY SHOULD'VE THOUGHT  
TWICE BEFORE ABOLISHING  
RUNNING BOARDS!!!





# HISTORY

SIZZLING HISTORIC DATA ABOUT THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION RECENTLY DUG UP AFTER EXHAUSTIVE RESEARCH, AND TOTALLY UNKNOWN TO MODERN SCIENCE UNTIL A FEW HOURS AND A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO — .

by HUGH SEDDIT .

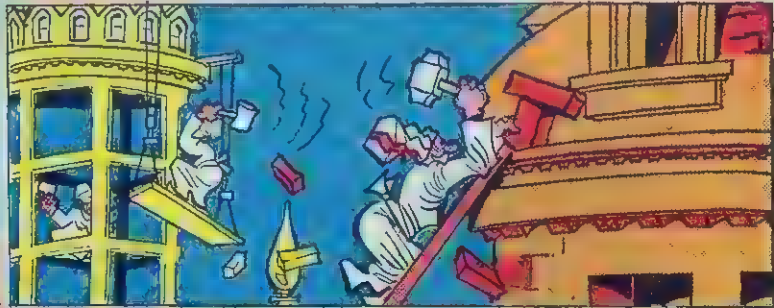


TIME MARCHES  
BOW-LEGGED!

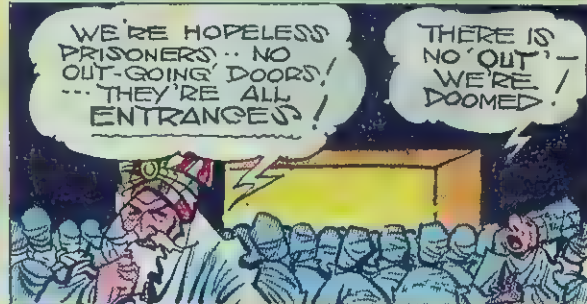
THE STARTLING DISCOVERY MADE BY, GAESAR XAVIER EXIT (A.D. 115-194½) THE EARLY CHALDEAN, WHO FREED 2965463754602 PRISONERS WITH ONE FELL SWOOP AND A DOOR KNOB!

SOON THE ENTIRE LAND WAS COVERED WITH THOUSANDS OF IMMENSE IMPOSING BUILDINGS, THE NATIVE HORDES INSTANTLY SWEEPED THROUGH THE ENTRANCES TO THE VERY LAST MAN — .

LATE IN THE DISMAL YEAR OF 115 A.D. THE FIRST GREAT WAVE OF CONSTRUCTION SPREAD OVER THE ANCIENT EMPIRE OF XENOPHILICUS (CONSULT YOUR NEAREST MAP)



BUT ONCE INSIDE THE HORROR-STRICKEN XENOPHILICUSITES REALIZED THERE WAS NO WAY OUT!... EVERY DOOR WAS ONLY (ONE-WAY,)... ALL WERE ENTRANCES!



WE'RE HOPELESS PRISONERS... NO OUT-GOING DOORS!... THEY'RE ALL ENTRANCES!

THERE IS NO 'OUT' — WE'RE DOOMED!

EXACTLY ONE MONTH TO A DAY LATER A LOWLY WAYFARING CARPENTER, (WITH IDEAS OF HIS OWN,) SEEING THEIR FLIGHT INSTANTLY CUT NEW DOORS TO LET THEM OUT... ENDORSING THESE NEW DOORS WITH HIS OWN NAME, EXIT.

THE OVERJOYED MASSES IMMEDIATELY RUSHED OUT THROUGH THESE 'EXITS' INTO THE OPEN, FREE ONCE MORE!... AND THAT'S WHY WE'VE HAD EXITS EVER SINCE .



OH BOY — AM I A GENIUS!



WHOOPEE! 'EXIT' FOR KING!



THE

# BOY COMMANDOS

## IN THE DUCE GETS A HOTFOOT

### ORDER OF THE DAY

Taking off for the  
Island of Sicily...  
Secret Base Endangers  
Mediterranean Sea  
Route...and we're going  
to Smash it...

.....*Rip Carter*.....  
CAPTAIN

OUT OF THE NIGHT-  
MARE OF FASCISM  
COMES A CALL FOR  
HELP THAT PLUNGES  
THE BOY COMMANDOS  
AND THEIR GALLANT  
LEADER, CAPTAIN RIP  
CARTER, INTO A VOL-  
CANIC ERUPTION OF  
ADVENTURE ON THE  
SOIL OF ITALY!  
HARNESSING THE  
FIERY FORCES OF  
NATURE TO THEIR OWN  
FLAMING COURAGE,  
THEY BRING TO THE  
"HEEL" OF FASCISM  
A TASTE OF THE  
MIGHT OF  
DEMOCRACY!

by JOE SIMON

and JACK KIRBY



**ON**  
THE  
HOT  
AFRICAN  
COAST,  
A GROUP  
OF  
SOLDIERS  
USE  
AN OLD-  
FASHIONED  
WAY  
OF  
KEEPING  
COOL...

DIS IS DE LIFE,  
ALFY! JUST LIKE  
BACK HOME ON  
DE EAST RIVER!

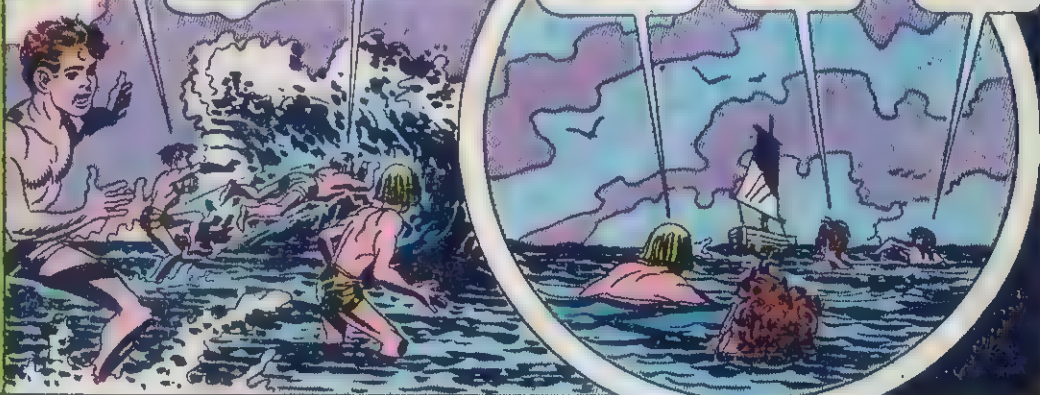
H'I 'OPES THERE'S  
NO BLOOMING  
SHARKS 'ERE  
ABOUTS, I DO!

**SUDDENLY...**

LOOK!  
DERE ISS  
A BOAT  
COMING!

AW! JUST A  
FISHIN' BOAT!  
IT'S EMPTY,  
TOO...

LET US  
SWIM  
OUT  
TO IT!



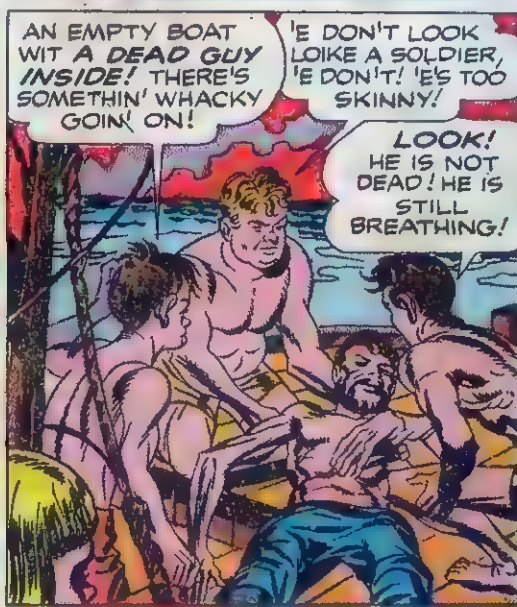
**Yow!**  
LOOKIT  
DAT!  
**Wow!**



AN EMPTY BOAT  
WIT A DEAD GUY  
INSIDE! THERE'S  
SOMETHIN' WHACKY  
GOIN' ON!

'E DON'T LOOK  
LOIKE A SOLDIER,  
'E DON'T! 'E'S TOO  
SKINNY!

LOOK!  
HE IS NOT  
DEAD! HE IS  
STILL  
BREATHING!



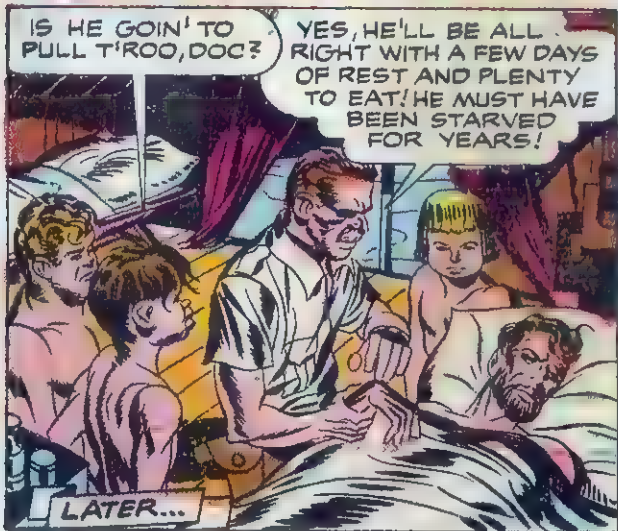
WE GOTTA  
GET HIM TO  
DE SAWBONES,  
QUICK!

H'I  
WONDER  
WHO 'E  
CAN BE?



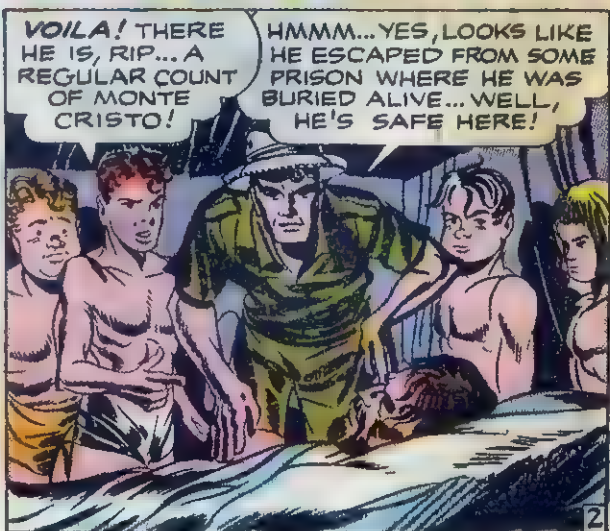
IS HE GOIN' TO  
PULL T'ROO, DOC?

YES, HE'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT WITH A FEW DAYS  
OF REST AND PLENTY  
TO EAT! HE MUST HAVE  
BEEN STARVED  
FOR YEARS!



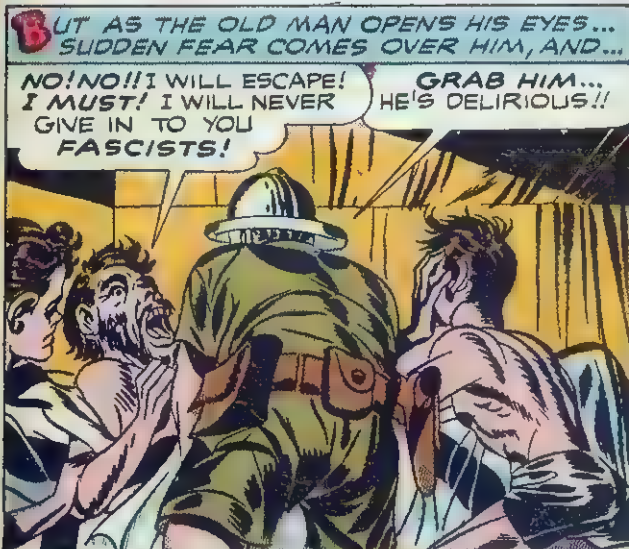
VOILA! THERE  
HE IS, RIP... A  
REGULAR COUNT  
OF MONTE  
CRISTO!

HMMM...YES, LOOKS LIKE  
HE ESCAPED FROM SOME  
PRISON WHERE HE WAS  
BURIED ALIVE... WELL,  
HE'S SAFE HERE!



LATER...

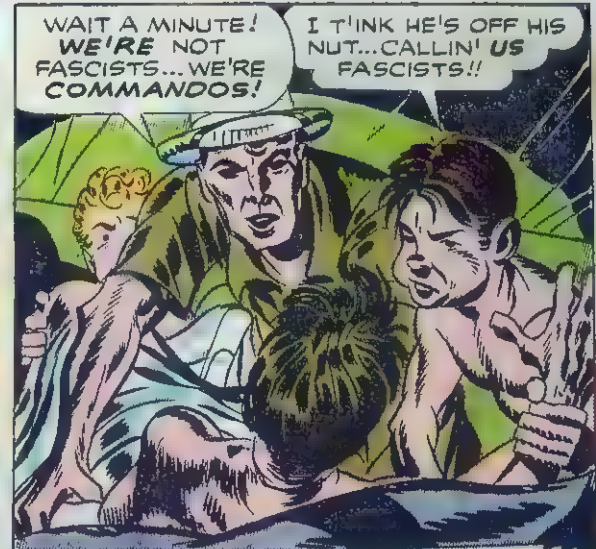




**B**UT AS THE OLD MAN OPENS HIS EYES...  
SUDDEN FEAR COMES OVER HIM, AND...

**NO! NO!! I WILL ESCAPE!  
I MUST! I WILL NEVER  
GIVE IN TO YOU  
FASCISTS!**

**GRAB HIM...  
HE'S DELIRIOUS!!**



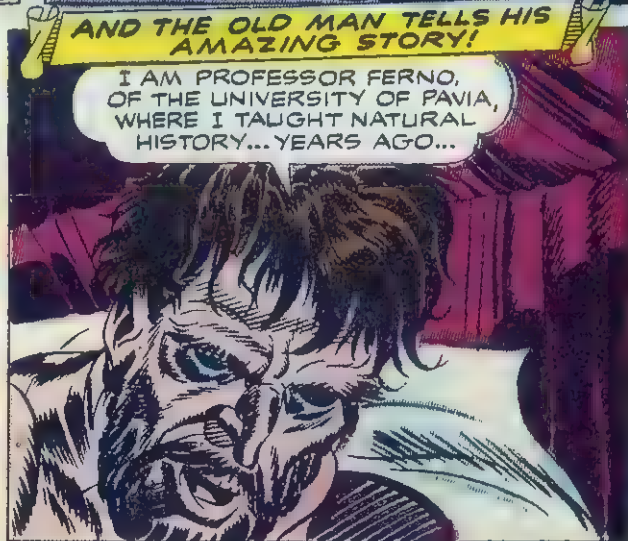
**WAIT A MINUTE!  
WE'RE NOT  
FASCISTS... WE'RE  
COMMANDOS!**

**I T'HINK HE'S OFF HIS  
NUT...CALLIN' US  
FASCISTS!!**



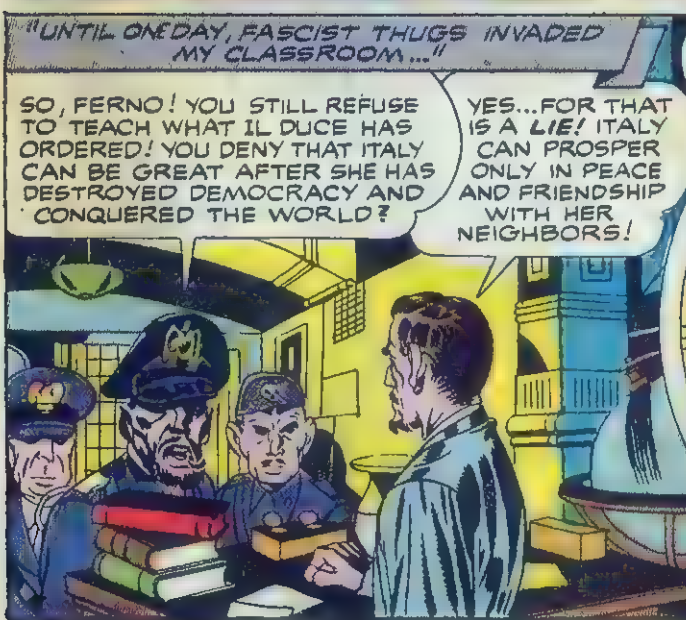
**COMMANDOS!!  
THEN I'M SAFE!  
I HAVE ESCAPED  
FROM THEM AT  
LAST!**

**YOU'RE ON THE FREE  
SIDE OF THE MEDITER-  
RANEAN NOW... BUT WHO  
ARE YOU?**



**AND THE OLD MAN TELLS HIS  
AMAZING STORY!**

**I AM PROFESSOR FERNO,  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PAVIA,  
WHERE I TAUGHT NATURAL  
HISTORY... YEARS AGO...**



**"UNTIL ONE DAY, FASCIST THUGS INVADED  
MY CLASSROOM..."**

**SO, FERNO! YOU STILL REFUSE  
TO TEACH WHAT IL DUCE HAS  
ORDERED! YOU DENY THAT ITALY  
CAN BE GREAT AFTER SHE HAS  
DESTROYED DEMOCRACY AND  
'CONQUERED THE WORLD?**

**YES...FOR THAT  
IS A LIE! ITALY  
CAN PROSPER  
ONLY IN PEACE  
AND FRIENDSHIP  
WITH HER  
NEIGHBORS!**



**YOU FASCISTS  
HAVE BETRAYED  
OUR COUNTRY--**

**SO! YOU DARE  
SPEAK AGAINST  
FASCISMO! TAKE  
THAT, YOU DOG!**

**UCHU!**



"THEN I WAS DRAGGED OFF TO PRISON..."

YOU CAN PUT ME  
IN PRISON, BUT  
YOU'LL NEVER JAIL  
THE FREE SPIRIT!

INSIDE! WE'LL  
TEACH YOU WHAT  
FASCISMO  
MEANS!



"AND THEY TAUGHT ME WELL THE  
MEANING OF FASCISM!"

TASTE THIS...  
WE WILL YET  
MAKE YOU TELL  
WHAT YOU KNOW!

HA! HA! HA!  
LOOK, ENRICO...HE  
HAS FAINTED  
AGAIN!



"AND  
THIS  
LIFE WENT  
ON FOR TEN  
YEARS!  
THEN THE  
WAR CAME  
CLOSER  
TO THE  
SHORES  
OF ITALY...  
AND THE  
NAZIS  
TOOK  
CHARGE  
OF THE  
COUNTRY  
AND  
ITS  
PRISONS..."

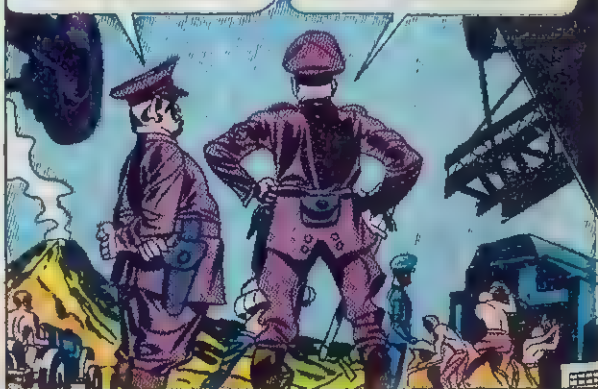
ZO! YOU HAVE LIVED A  
LIFE OF EASE AND LUXURY  
LONG ENOUGH! NOW YOU  
SHALL BE PUT TO WORK!  
DER FUEHRER HAS OR-  
DERED US TO BUILD FOR-  
TIFICATIONS! YOU SHALL  
OBEY OR DIE!



"ON THE COAST OF SICILY, IN THE VERY  
SHADOW OF MOUNT ETNA ABOUT WHICH  
I ONCE USED TO LECTURE, I SLAVED  
TO MAKE MY PRISON STRONGER!"

JA! THIS WILL  
BE OUR STRONGEST  
BASE IN THE  
MEDITERRANEAN!

IT WILL BE IMPREG-  
NABLE! SOON WE FINISH  
UND DEN WE SHOOT  
DER PRISONERS...



"BUT ONE DAY, AS I WORKED..."

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE  
ME, PROFESSOR FERNO?  
I AM GIOVANNI...YOUR  
ASSISTANT AT THE  
UNIVERSITY WHEN...

GIOVANNI!  
OF COURSE...I DID  
NOT RECOGNIZE  
YOU AT FIRST...



I WILL HELP YOU TO  
ESCAPE! TO KEEP THIS  
BASE A SECRET, THE  
NAZIS PLAN TO KILL  
ALL THE PRISONERS  
WHEN IT IS FINISHED!  
YOU MUST TELL THE  
DEMOCRACIES ABOUT  
THIS BASE...

I WILL! IF  
ONLY I CAN  
ESCAPE...





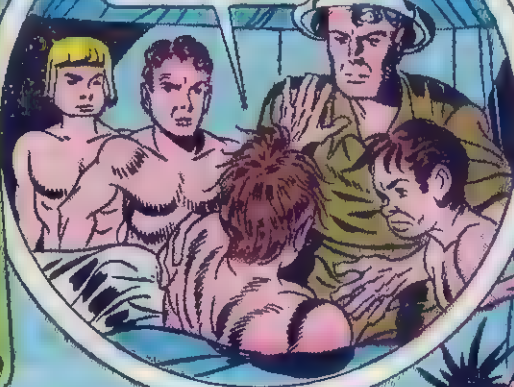
**W**HEN MY CHANCE CAME, GIOVANNI LED ME OUT OF THE PRISON... WITH THE HELP OF LOYAL PATRIOTS, I ESCAPED! I PROMISED HIM I WOULD NOT FAIL...!!

AND THAT IS HOW YOU BOYS FOUND ME! YOU MUST GET MY INFORMATION TO YOUR COMMANDERS! YOU MUST!!

**LATER...**

WHEN DO WE START, RIP? I WANNA GET ME MITTS ON DEM BUMS!

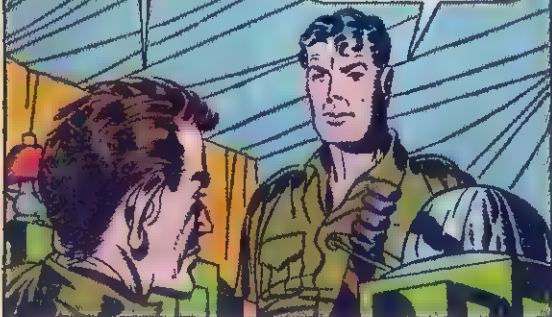
FIRST I MUST GET THE PROFESSOR'S INFORMATION TO HEADQUARTERS! LET'S GO!



**T**HE COMMANDING OFFICER HEARS THE STORY...

THAT BASE WOULD INTERFERE WITH ALL OUR PLANS! IT MUST BE DESTROYED AT ANY COST!

YES, SIR! THE PROFESSOR CAN COME WITH US AS A GUIDE...AND WE'LL STILL HAVE TIME TO SAVE THE PRISONERS!

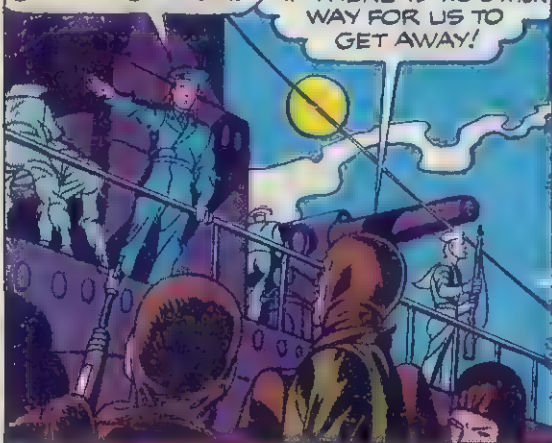


**A**ND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A STRANGE MONSTER APPEARS IN THE DARK WATERS OFF THE ISLAND OF SICILY! IT SLIPS STEALTHILY INTO A DESERTED COVE, AND FROM ITS INTERIOR EMERGE... THE COMMANDOS!



THIS IS AS NEAR AS I CAN BRING YOU TO THE BASE, CAPTAIN CARTER!

IT'S A GOOD SPOT! WE SHALL MEET YOU HERE TOMORROW IF THERE IS NO OTHER WAY FOR US TO GET AWAY!



**Q**UETLY, THE COMMANDOS VANISH INTO THE NEARBY WOODS...

I WILL GO INTO THE VILLAGE AND CONTACT GIOVANNI AND OUR FRIENDS THERE!

**H**URRY! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! WE SHALL MEET IN THE WOODS!





LATER THAT NIGHT, THE COMMANDOS RENDZVOUS WITH THEIR ITALIAN FRIENDS...

MANY ITALIAN SOLDIERS ARE READY TO JOIN YOU AGAINST FASCISM! BUT WE'LL NOT HAVE ENOUGH TO CAPTURE THE PRISON BASE! REMEMBER, THEY HAVE A GESTAPO REGIMENT THERE!

DYNAMITE

AND THE BASE, IT IS VERY BIG! YOU HAVE NOT BROUGHT ENOUGH DYNAMITE!

BUT I HAVE ANOTHER PLAN! IN HAWAII, AMERICANS ONCE BLASTED AN ERUPTING VOLCANO TO TURN THE LAVA AWAY FROM A VILLAGE IN ITS PATH!! NOW HERE...

RIP OUTLINES HIS PLAN...

I UNDERSTAND! AND WITH A LITTLE LUCK, IT SHOULD WORK!

I WAS COUNTING ON YOU, PROFESSOR! TAKE BROOKLYN AND ALFY AND THE VILLAGERS FOR THE JOB!

MY FORCE WILL BE READY TO ATTACK THE PRISON WHEN YOUR JOB IS FINISHED! MEET US AT THIS CROSS-ROAD WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH!

UP THE STEAMING SIDES OF THE RUMBLING VOLCANO TOILS THE LITTLE BAND, CARRYING WITH THEM THEIR DEADLY LOAD OF EXPLOSIVES!

DIS IS GONNA BE A HIGH CLASS HOT FOOT FOR DE DOOCHIE!

LATER... SKILLFUL HANDS SET UP THEIR INSTRUMENTS OF DESTRUCTION...

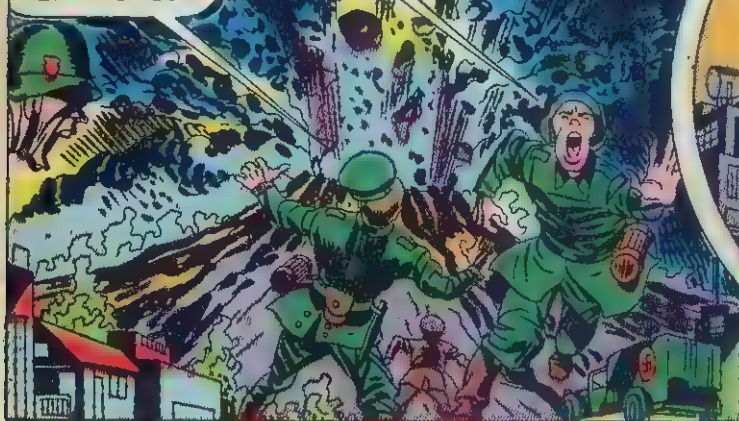
WHILE TENSE FIGURES SILHOUETTED IN THE POWERFUL GLARE OF THE SMOULDERING CRATER, STAND POISED, READY FOR THE SIGNAL!



THEN IT COMES...THE EXPLOSION IS SET OFF...  
HUGE FLAMES SHOOT INTO THE SKY!THE VERY  
EARTH SHAKES AS THE FIERY VOLCANO RUMBLES...  
AND CONFUSION REIGNS AT THE NAZI BASE!

LOOK! DER  
VOLCANO! VE  
MUST GET TO  
DER VILLAGE!

VE ARE LOST!  
RUN FOR YOUR  
LIVES!



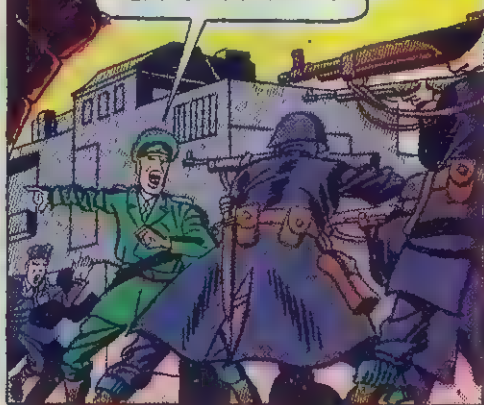
WHILE AT THE PRISON  
BARRACKS...

HIMMEL! DER  
VOLCANO!VE MUST  
GET AWAY!



BUT ITALIAN GUARDS LEAP TO THE  
FRAY...LED BY A NAZI OFFICER!

IT ISS A PLOT! THEY HAFF  
BLOWN UP DER VOLCANO ZO  
THEY CAN FREE DER  
PRISONERS! TAKE  
CAREFUL AIM!



AND, LIKE LIONS UNLEASHED,  
THE COMMANDOS SPRING  
INTO ACTION!

THEY'VE DONE THEIR  
JOB! NOW ITS OUR  
TURN...CHARGE!!

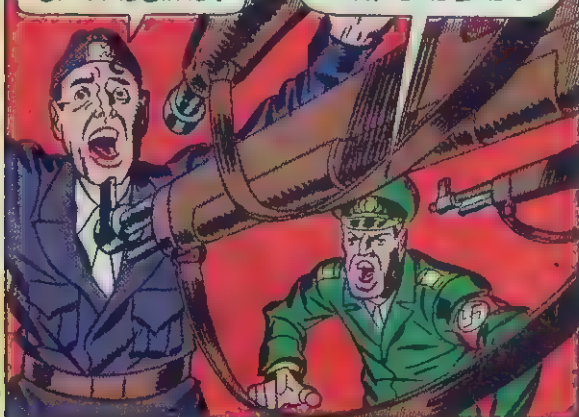


WE ARE FREE!  
THE COMMANDOS  
ARE HERE!



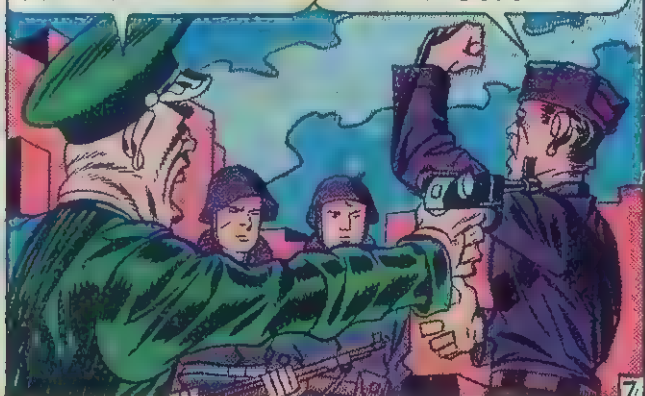
STOP! DO NOT FIRE  
AT YOUR BROTHERS!  
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH  
OF FASCIMO!

WAS IST? HOW  
DARE YOU  
CONTRADICT  
MY ORDERS?



ZO! ITALIANISCHE SCHWEIN!  
YOU DISOBEY A CHERMAN  
OFFICER! I VILL EXECUTE  
YOU MYSELF IF YOU  
REFUSE TO OBEY!

DOWN WITH  
FASCIMO! SHOW  
HIM WE'VE HAD  
ENOUGH OF NAZIS,  
FELLOW SOLDIERS!





**THE NEXT INSTANT...**



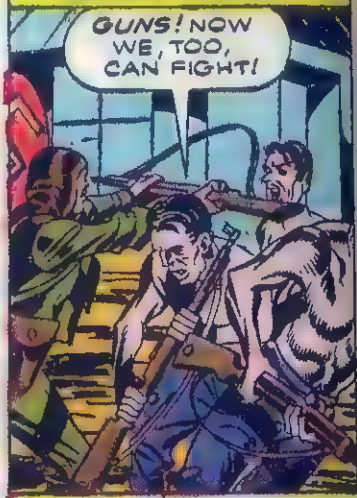
I'VE WAITED YEARS TO DO THIS!

THEY ARE JOINING US, RIP... TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!



OUR JOB IS DONE HERE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND MAKE FOR THE VILLAGE! THE NAZIS FROM THE BASE WILL BE COMING THIS WAY!

**MEANWHILE... THE PRISONERS ARE SEIZING ARMS!**



GUNS! NOW WE, TOO, CAN FIGHT!

**A** HEAVY-SET PRISONER, WHO STRANGELY ENOUGH, DOES NOT APPEAR AS EMACIATED AS THE OTHERS, SNATCHES THE GUN FROM THE HANDS OF A FELLOW PRISONER!

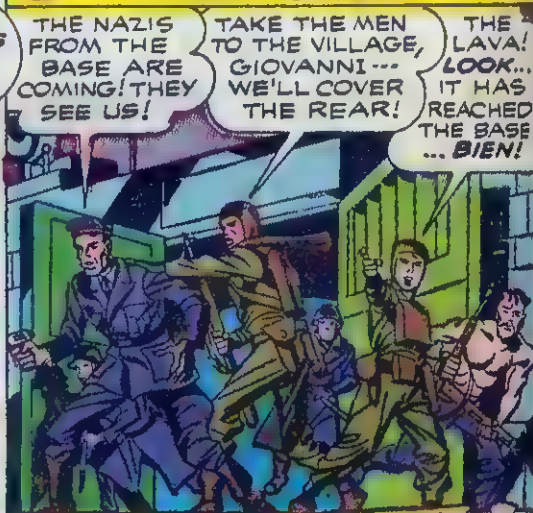
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WEAPON! I GIVE THE FASCISTS A BELLYFUL WITH THIS... HEY!

HERE! GIVE ME THAT GUN... I HAVE A BETTER USE FOR IT THAN YOU!

LET'S GO!



**BUT AS THEY POUR OUT OF THE PRISON GATE...**



THE NAZIS FROM THE BASE ARE COMING! THEY SEE US!

TAKE THE MEN TO THE VILLAGE, GIOVANNI... WE'LL COVER THE REAR!

THE LAVA! LOOK... IT HAS REACHED THE BASE... BIEN!

DON'T FALL TOO FAR BEHIND, BOYS! WE CAN HOLD THESE BABIES AT A RESPECTABLE DISTANCE EVEN IF WE CAN'T STOP THEM ALTOGETHER!

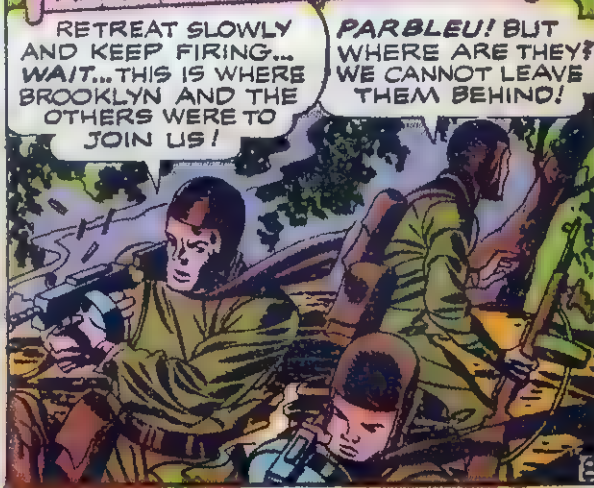


RAT-TAT-TAT!

RAT-TAT!

TAT-TAT!

**BUT AS THEY REACH THE APPOINTED MEETING PLACE...**



RETREAT SLOWLY AND KEEP FIRING... WAIT... THIS IS WHERE BROOKLYN AND THE OTHERS WERE TO JOIN US!

PARBLEU! BUT WHERE ARE THEY? WE CANNOT LEAVE THEM BEHIND!



**QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THIS PLACE AT ALL COSTS! CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS AND BRING SOME OF OUR BOYS BACK!**

**YES, SIR!**

**DROP YOUR GUNS AND PUT UP YOUR HANDS! I AM DOMINI, OF THE OVRA--- IL DUCE'S SECRET POLICE!!**

**WHA---!!**

**WHY, THE BLOOMIN' RAT!**

**BUT ABRUPTLY...**

**AND IN A MOMENT THE PURSUERS HAVE CAUGHT UP!**

**CONGRATULATIONS, SIGNOR DOMINI! DER FUEHRER WILL GIVE YOU THE IRON CROSS... HRUMPH... SECOND CLASS FOR THIS!**

**THANK YOU! WE MUST SHOOT THESE DOGS QUICKLY!**

**IF BROOKLYN, ALFY AND THE PROFESSOR COME NOW, THEY'LL BE TRAPPED! GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO WARN THEM...**

**WHILE THE FIGHTING WAS GOING ON, BROOKLYN, ALFY, AND THE PROFESSOR WERE ENJOYING A HUGE SIGHT!**

**WOW! LOOK AT DAT FIRE! DAT'S WHAT I CALL A HOT TIME!**

**THIS IS A SIGHT THAT'S WORTH SEEING... BUT WE'VE GOT TO HURRY BACK!**

**BUT ON THEIR RETURN, AS THEY NEAR THE ROAD... A FAMILIAR, MUSICAL PHRASE ATTRACTS THEIR ATTENTION...**

**WOT'S DAT! LISTEN---**

**SOUNDS LOIKE YOWLING IF YOU AWSKS ME! BLIMEY! IT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS---**

**Praise the Lord and Look out for the Fascists...**

**IT'S RIP! LISTEN TO DEM VOIDS... HE'S TIPPIN' US OFF...**

**ROIGHT YOU ARE, PAL! I 'EARS H'IT!**

**Watch out for the Fascists and You'll set us Free-ee!**



**CAUTIOUS HANDS PART THE FOLIAGE**

THEY'VE  
CAUGHT RIP  
AND OUR BOYS!

SHSHSH... YOU AN' ME, ALFIE,  
IS GONNA DO A JOB ON THEM!  
PROFESSOR... YOU COICLE  
AROUND TO THE VILLAGE AND  
BRING BACK HELP! **HURRY!**

PRaise the Lord  
...WATCH OUT FOR  
THE FASCISTS...

HA! THESE  
AMERICAN PIGS!  
THEY ARE ABOUT  
TO BE SHOT AND  
LOOK AT THEM! THEY  
ARE SINGING! I DO  
NOT UNDERSTAND SUCH  
CRAZY PEOPLE!



BUT VE SHALL PUT A  
SHOT TO DOT INFERNAL  
CHANTING! FOR ATTACK-  
ING THE GERMAN REICH,  
I SENTENCE YOU TO BE  
SHOT ON THE SPOT!  
**READY... AIM...**

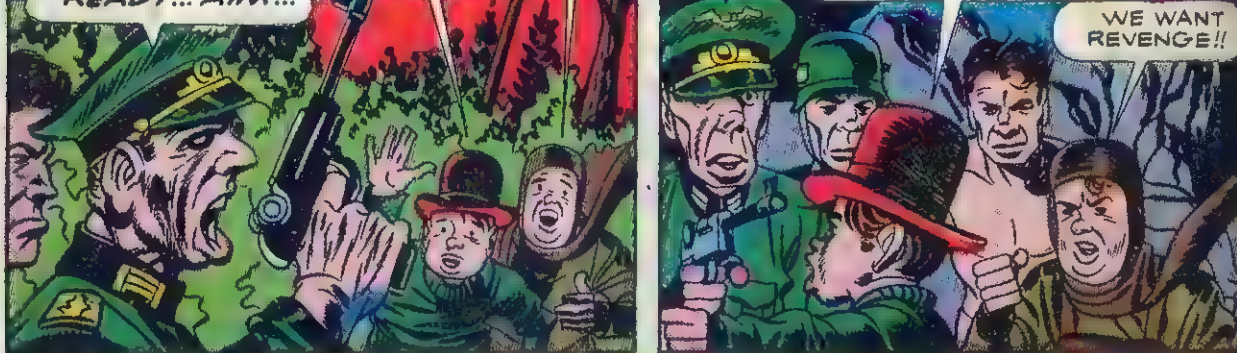
**WAIT!  
DON'T  
SHOOT  
DESE  
GUYS!**

**'OLD  
YER  
'ORSES!!**

WAS IST?  
MORE  
PRISONERS?  
**GOOD! WE  
SHALL---**

WE'RE ON YER SIDE  
NOW, HAIR GENERAL!  
DAT DOUBLE CROSS-  
ER SENT US UP TO DE  
MOUNTAINS TO GET  
BOINED IN DAT VOLCANO!

**WE WANT  
REVENGE!!**



SO HE HAS BETRAYED  
YOU, NICHT?... BUT  
MAYBE YOU ARE A  
TRICK ON ME  
PLAYING?

WAD-  
DAYA  
MEAN... A  
TRICK?

I  
WANTS TER GET  
EVEN WIT' HIM!  
I'LL SHOW YA  
WOT I MEAN...

DAT'S WOT  
I MEAN! I  
AIN'T  
KIDDIN'!...

**GOOD!  
HE HAS  
STRUCK HIS  
OFFICER!  
ZEHR GUT!**

LISSEN,  
HAIR  
GENERAL!  
YA GOTTA  
LET ME  
BUMP DESE  
GUYS OFF!

VELL... IDT MAY  
PROVE VERY  
INTERESTING  
AT DOT!  
BUT VUN FALSE  
MOVE UND...

NOW  
H'IT'S  
H'UP  
TO ME  
TO DO  
SOME-  
THING!!









AND FROM ALL SIDES COMMANDOS SPRING UP...SUPPORTED BY A STRANGE ASSORTMENT OF WARRIORS!



WE MUST TAKE THE NAZIS WITH US TO AFRICA...OTHERWISE THEY WILL EXPOSE THE VILLAGERS FOR HELPING US!



GOODBYE, COMMANDOS! NEXT TIME YOU COME TO STAY!

YOU MEN, MEANWHILE, KEEP THE FIRE OF FREEDOM BURNING!



AND FROM FAR OUT AT SEA THE FIRES THE COMMANDOS STARTED STILL LIGHT UP THE SKY!

VOILA!! THEY HAVE NOT THE BASE ANY MORE!

WE CAN BE PROUD, BOYS! WE DID A GOOD JOB!!

H'I DIE, RIP...WEREN'T ME AND BROOKLYN A PAIR, THOUGH? WE 'AD THOSE BLAWSTED NAZIS BELIEVIN' US, WE DID!

BROOKLYN HAD ME CONVINCED FOR A WHILE, TOO!

DAT WAS NOTTIN', RIP! YOU SHOULD HOID YER SINGIN'! WOW! ME EARDRUMS IS STILL HOTTING ME!



LET'S ALL HELP GIVE IL DUCE A HOTFOOT by BUYING WAR BONDS and STAMPS!





GEE what a build!  
Didn't it take a long  
time to get those muscles?

SHOWER

No SIR! - ATLAS  
Makes Muscles Grow  
Fast!

# Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

5 inches  
of new  
Muscle

"My arms increased 1 1/2",  
chest 2 1/2", forearm 7/8"  
—C. S., W. Va.

What a  
difference!

"Have put 3 1/2"  
on chest (normal) and  
2 1/2" expanded."  
—F. S., N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS  
did for ME!

For quick results  
I recommend  
**CHARLES  
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot show-  
ing wonderful progress."  
—W. G., N. J.

GAINED  
29  
POUNDS

"When I started,  
weighed only 141.  
Now 170."  
—T. K., N. Y.

John Jacobs  
**BEFORE**

John Jacobs  
**AFTER**

## CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the  
title of "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man"  
in international  
contest—in  
competition  
with ALL men  
who would con-  
sent to appear  
against him.  
This is a re-  
cent photo of  
Charles Atlas  
showing how  
he looks today.  
This is not a  
studio picture  
but an actual  
untouched  
snapshot.

## Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are,  
or how ashamed of your present physical  
condition you may be. If you can simply  
raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID  
MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm  
—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes  
a day—right in your own home—is all the  
time I ask of you! And there's no cost if  
I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen  
your back, develop your whole muscular  
system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add  
flesh to your chest, give you a vice-like  
grip, make those legs of yours lithe and  
powerful. I can shoot new strength into  
your old backbone, exercise those inner  
organs, help you cram your body so full  
of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that  
you won't feel there's even "standing room"  
left for weakness and that lazy feeling!  
Before I get through with you I'll have your  
whole frame "measured" to a nice, new,  
beautiful suit of muscle!

with. When you have learned to develop  
your Strength through "Dynamic Ten-  
sion" you can laugh at artificial muscle  
makers. You simply utilize the **DOR-  
MANT** muscle-power in your own God-  
given body—watch it increase and  
multiply double-quick into real solid  
**LIVE MUSCLE.**

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will turn the trick for you. No theory  
—every exercise is *practical*. And, man,  
so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day  
in your own home. From the very start  
you'll be using my method of  
"Dynamic Tension" almost un-  
consciously every minute of the  
day—walking, bending over, etc.  
—to **BUILD MUSCLE and  
VITALITY.**

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Strength"

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spirational pictures of myself and pupils  
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DRAGON FLY'S  
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